CONFESSIONS of a SCREEN STAR'S HUSBAND

Movie Weekly

TEN CENTS

Sept. 22 1923

Will the Public be Barred from the Studios?

Can You Buy Your Way into the Movies?

Jean Hart

WHITE PHOTO

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

No. 33

Coming

Raising The Price

The movies are going up!

A group of motion picture producers recently held a conference at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in which they decided that all first run pictures of high quality should rate a two dollar admission price.

This means that the exhibitor will be ordered by the producer to charge two dollars admission for the pictures that are new and of high quality. And if the exhibitor balks, all pictures, through the combined action of the producers, will be withheld from him.

Will you pay it? Will you relinquish the required two dollars at the box office to see your favorite screen star in his or her future pictures?

The inside story of the threatened admission raise will appear in next week's Movie Weekly.

On the newsstands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT.

Contents

September 22nd, 1923

	PAGE
Can You Buy Your Way Into the Movies? *By Paul Rochester*	3
Will the Public Be Barred From the Studios? *By David A. Balch*	4
Nu-Ditties in the movies	6
If It's in You, You'll Get There *By Richard Wickstead*	7
Can a Woman Marry Any Man She Wants? *By Regina Cannon*	8
Can a Woman Marry Any Man She Wants? *By Courtenay Marvin*	9
Pity the Poor Scenario Editor *By Charles E. Dexter*	10
Some Hidden Engagement Rings *By Grace Greenwood*	11
Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband *A True Story From Life*	12
Photoplay Reviews *By Lewis F. Levenson*	14
William Russell and Claire Windsor—Art Series	16
Chaplin's New Picture, "A Woman of Paris" *By Lawrence Langdon*	18
Girls Who Play Grown-Ups Seldom Marry Young *By Grace Kingsley*	19
Craze for Youth Stifles Art *By Margaret Werner*	20
Character Analysis of Shirley Mason *By Vincent de Sola*	21
"Red Lights" (A story told in pictures)	22
"The Virginian" (Part I) *By Charles Warnerby*	23
Where Fan Meets Fan	24
Whispers From the Studios	25
The Colonel Answers Questions	26
The Reel Dope	27

(All unsolicited manuscripts are submitted at the owner's risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable.)

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.
(Copyrighted 1923 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

Can You BUY Your way into the Movies?

Well known director discusses *chances of rich screen* aspirant to win enduring movie fame

By Paul Rochester

YOU can buy your way into the movies . . .

But only at the price of hard work, sacrifice, and the devotion of your whole body and soul to your profession.

That is the lesson not only of Marshall Neilan's career, but the message which the man himself has to offer to the world.

When Marshall Neilan—he is now Marshall, and no longer the "Mickey" Neilan of a few years ago—when he visited New York late in August of this year, he was met with a difficult problem. His picture, "The Eternal Three," was in the hands of the censors and he was faced with the thankless task of restoring it by cutting to its original fullness, after the censors had eliminated parts of it.

I felt like telling him that it seemed difficult to imagine that the wholesome Neilan method of direction could be the sort that falls under the ban of the censor, but then you can never tell about censors.

It was in the question of getting into the movies, however, that we were interested, and I asked Mr. Neilan to draw from his own career a lesson he might expand into a message to the fans.

"I'm a believer in building from the ground up," he said. "Most people are busy looking for short cuts, when, if they only knew, it is the short cut which results in faulty construction and the slow sure method which earns durability.

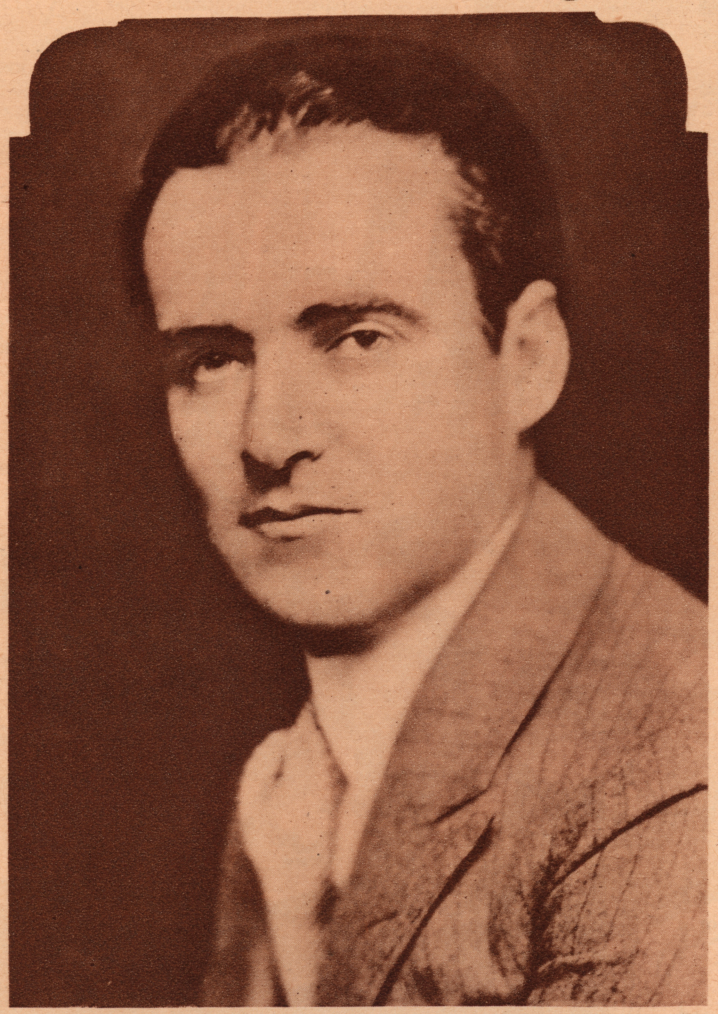
"In pictures, as in everything else, the short cut is the weakest way. Of course, everything depends upon the individual. If he or she wants to get into movies and to succeed after a fashion, it is quite possible to find an easiest way."

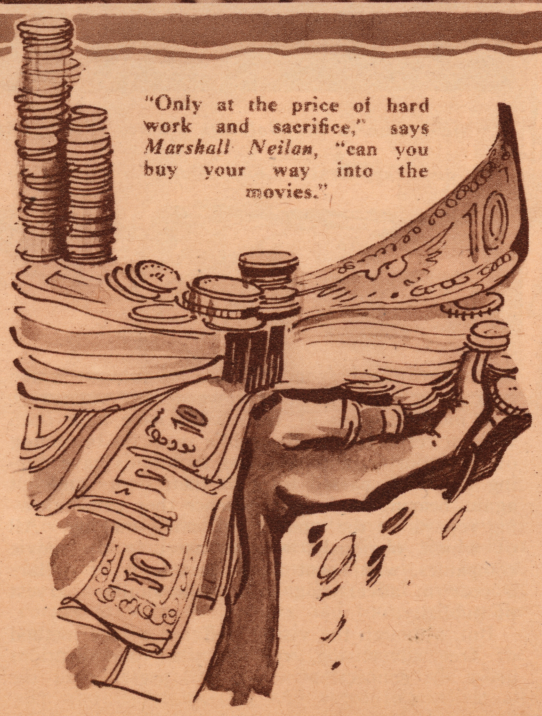
Mr. Neilan's own career is an exemplification of his remarks. He began his own career in the smallest possible way and worked himself up through all the slow stages of apprenticeship to the top.

"At nine I was still going to school," he narrated. "I was poor and had to support myself. So I obtained a job delivering papers, early in the morning. The few cents I made from my paper route were not enough to keep me going, so I applied for a job as an assistant milkman.

BUT I wasn't able to keep up with my school work for long, so when I was eleven I became a messenger in the Fruit Growers' Exchange. I was alone in the world at that time and took work as a messenger because it seemed the only thing for me. Then I thought I would like to go in for office work, so I became an office boy. But I found office work too dull, so I tried my hand as a blacksmith's assistant.

"Finally I decided that mechanical work has the greatest appeal, and incidentally the greatest future, so I went into a machine shop. All this took place within the two years of my life between eleven and thirteen, but at that time I found my first chance to break away from the imprisonment of common life and to become an actor."





"Only at the price of hard work and sacrifice," says *Marshall Neilan*, "can you buy your way into the movies."

The story of Mr. Neilan's eventual entrance into motion pictures is well-known, how, after a short period of acting, he found himself out of work, and went back to his old trade as a mechanic. Then, when it seemed that he would never be able to rise much higher, opportunity came and seized him. He had become a chauffeur, and eventually was hired by a man who was seeking a location for a motion picture studio. Back and forth across the country went Neilan, and when finally the studio was found, Neilan's future had been discovered, too. His experience, his days of hard toil, now stood him in good stead. He not only knew life, but he knew something of mechanics, something of business, something of the men who toil with their muscles and the sweat of their brow, and something of acting.

"THE world is full of people who believe—honestly believe—that money will buy anything and everything. Broadway is peopled with girls who think that if they can only get the right amount of money, they will soon see their names in the electric lights. But the truth is that even if they do get their opportunity on the screen or the stage, the opportunity means nothing unless it is followed by unremitting work."

This is the lesson of Marshall Neilan's career, and his message to those who wish to succeed on the screen.

For those who doubt that even the exceptional opportunity of Marshall Neilan was more than the blessings of kindly fortune, be it said that even Mr. Neilan, whose position as a director is as secure as that of any other person in motion pictures, was won only after hard work in the studio.

The stills of the old Kalem story tell the tale. Then, when pictures were in their formative period, when no one was receiving high salaries, Marshall Neilan was playing all sorts of parts in the Kalem studio. He was a comedian, a character man, a leading man, whatever the films required.

He learned then all the tricks of the trade. He learned what actors can do and what they cannot do. He paid for his success with his time and his energy.

And that is the way you can buy your way into pictures, he says.

If you remember the Neilan pictures, you will recall how he manages to get into his plots and his actors a sense of life as it is lived. No amount of technical training can teach the art of living. That course has to be taken in the University of Life itself. It was there that Marshall Neilan educated himself.

And no better proof of the value of hard work as a sure key to success is needed.

Will the PUBLIC Be STUDIOS?

George D. Baker directing *Carmel Myers* in a scene from *"The Magic Skin."*

Meal time in the *Goldwyn* studio. From left to right: *Dagmar Godowsky, Bessie Love. Elaine Hammerstein* and *Johnny Walker.*

Several large companies are said to be placing *ban on visitors during working hours*—Curious are known to distract screen players

By David A. Balch

NO MORE visitors in the Hollywood studios!

No, sir, the public, henceforth, is to be barred from the places where pictures are made, according to an announcement from the Motion Picture Producers' Association, which held a meeting in Hollywood recently.

This means you, fans, and everyone else who plans a visit to Hollywood in the near future to inspect the place where nine-tenths of all movies are made. No longer will you be allowed to watch your favorite screen stars create their latest pictures, for the members of the Motion Picture Producers' Association have voted otherwise. And so, instead of finding the Welcome mat that up to now has decorated the entrance doors of all the studios on the West Coast, you will find a sign reading "No Admission"; which will turn you back at the very portals of the wonderland within.

Thus it is written. And now Uncle Ezra and Aunt Min, who were journeying westward "just to see how them movie fellers work, b'gosh," will be grievously disappointed when they hit Hollywood, for the order, we are told, is mandatory and permits of no interpretation other than its own arbitrary one.

The reasons for the sudden calling together for a meeting of the respective members of the M. P. P. A. resulted, we are informed, from a variety of reasons which have long been working toward the same end. The movie studios of Hollywood have been open without restriction to the public from the beginning of the industry, and countless thousands have during that time passed through their doors and out again, bearing back from whence they came glowing reports of the wonders of movie-making. All of which, obviously, was an asset to the movie companies, who spent many thousands of dollars a year in advertising to reap a similar harvest of publicity.

But, although the visitors offered a nice method of free advertising, various other complications arose, in connection with their presence in the studios, that made necessary in the minds of the members of the M. P. P. A., their rigid exclusion from the studios.

ALTHOUGH the meeting of the producers was a secret one, various rumors have leaked out concerning the causes that inspired the members to vote unanimously to exclude the public. A custom which prevailed on the part of some of the stars, or near stars, of frequently guying the visitors—particularly those who seemed to suggest a rural habitat—worked, it was more than obvious, to the detriment of the company whose studio it occurred in.

For instance, to have Henry Perkins, of Simpkins Center, Connecticut, greeted with a query of "How do you like America? It will be a nice place when they get it finished, don't you think?" would hardly be calculated to send Mr. Perkins home to Connecticut with what might precisely be called enthusiasm for the movie folk in Hollywood.

So common, indeed, had this practice become that only those visitors who were of a pronounced urban type, or known to be the friend of a company official, could be sure to be safe from some facetious "crack" by those screen folk who were in the habit of making them. The embarrassment suffered by the visitors, accordingly, quite offset any interest that might have been aroused in the studio itself, so that a feeling of deep resentment toward everything pertaining to the screen was the natural consequence.

Again, it was found that certain women stars of temperament could not be relied upon to do their best work before an audience. We recall an incident in an Eastern studio a few years back when a prominent star became disturbed by the presence of some sightseers and announced to the

Barred in Future from MOVIE

Alice Lake and *Colleen Moore* are shown here in the ladies' dressing room of a *Hollywood* studio.

studio manager: "There are too many visitors here!" Nor would that particular star continue until the visitors were all courteously ushered out.

We don't know whether such a thing is a mistake or not. It seems to be pretty much the personal business of the star, himself, whether he wishes to be watched by a group of strange people, or whether he wishes to act alone with his director and cameraman. It is easily to be seen how the presence of others would disturb the work of one highly organized, and feeling, as such things are felt, a roomful of other personalities.

THERE is, however, the element of advertising again which most stars who have an eye to business (and most have) cannot too lightly dismiss. There is no advertising like word-of-mouth advertising, for it is this alone that ensures the success of every stage play that is produced. And the wise star, who is not too full of himself, realizes that he cannot readily make a bad impression before people without suffering financially, directly or indirectly, sooner or later.

Another cause still of the M. P. P. A.'s action in barring the public from the Hollywood studios, is the fact, regrettable though it may be, that the language of some of the women stars was not such as to impress favorably elderly church-going folk who were seeing Hollywood accompanied, perhaps, by their pastor.

An instance is recounted here where one particular lady star cut loose with some choice remarks in the presence of some gentlemen of the cloth. When told that the visitors were clergymen, the lady star, it is said, redoubled her efforts to make her conversation colorful in the extreme. With the sudden departure of the callers went also, it is feared, their good opinion of anything and everything connected with the movies and those who make them.

So for all these reasons, the members of the Motion Picture Producers' Association held a sudden and secret meeting and voted to exclude all visitors from the studios, including friends of the actors and the employees. The order was sweeping and excepted no one. And thus matters stand.

The effect of the order upon the tourists visiting Los Angeles has been considered by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and it has been feared by the city's council that the winter season may suffer in consequence, inasmuch as thousands visit Los Angeles during the winter months almost solely to see the film stars at work.

THE explanation offered by the members of the M. P. P. A. was simply that vistors took up too much time and were a needless expense to the companies whose studios they visited. No further explanation than this was vouchsafed by those responsible for the new order, but an easy surmise is possible under the existing and well-known circumstances.

Whether or not the order will be enforced in the strict sense of the word remains yet to be seen, but we, for one, do not think it will happen. The affectionate interest in which the movies are held by the great majority of people precludes any order that would be detrimental to the screen itself.

A more strict enforcement of studio regulations, rather, is to be predicted, which will tend to curb any such nuisances as have existed on either hand, which doubtless is an end to be desired.

A director supervising a scene in a recent picture produced in *Hollywood*.

NU-DITTIES in the MOVIES

Ethel Shannon is apparently singing a ditty to the moon—or is she just walking in her sleep?

Is *Shirley Mason* all dressed up in this picture to play *Lady Godiva?*

She insists her name is *Princess Valdemar,* and we believe her after recalling how the *Bolsheviki* are reported to have stripped the *Russian* nobility of even their most necessary belongings.

We call your attention to the bracelets worn by *Margaret Livingston* only because we daren't call your attention to anything else.

Concluding our *Nu-ditties,* we offer the sweetest tune of all, played by *Clara* (of the) *Bow.*

IF IT'S IN YOU— you'll get there

/says George Hackathorne

Close-up of noted young character actor who left his small town home in Oregon and went to Hollywood *to become a screen star*

By Richard Wickstead

SOMEHOW, whenever we have envisaged those who seek Hollywood in quest of a screen career, it has been girls, girls, girls, who come unbidden to our fancy, as the peculiar aspirants to movie fame, if not the only rightful claimants to it. Even "Merton" to the contrary notwithstanding, it somehow never has occurred to us in honest reality to picture a boy journeying to that far-west coast town, to become a film star. Yet, so and no otherwise, it frequently happens, and a case in point is George Hackathorne.

George Hackathorne, lest you don't know it who should, is a character actor of rare ability. He crashed into public notice when he played "The Little Minister" to Betty Compson's Lady Babbie, and since then, his appearance upon the screen has been marked by a succession of unique character studies which have included the generally defective, from dope fiends to imbeciles. In all of them, he has given the screen something new, different and quite remarkably excellent.

George Hackathorne is a *boy* who went to Hollywood, even as girls go, seeking screen fame. This seemed to us the most interesting fact of all the interesting facts he imparted regarding himself when we lunched together one day recently in George's room in the Hotel Biltmore. It being warm, we took off our coat and lounged back in affluent ease, while George, slender, bright-eyed and immaculate, told us of his career upon the silversheet.

We looked about us. Everything pointed to regal magnificence and it took a screen star's income, we concluded dismally, to make it possible. Yet the years between—the years bridging the interval when George, a young boy from an Oregon town, landed in Hollywood almost penniless—to this, his quarters in the Biltmore, were filled, we came presently to learn, with experiences that were fairly painful.

"My career in Hollywood," said Mr. Hackathorne, after he had explained his early desire to be a screen star and his journey west toward this end, "was very much like that of Merton in 'Merton of the Movies.' Glenn Hunter's was, too, as you may know."

We nodded, for we had heard that the screen career of Mr. Hunter, like that of Valentino and many others, certainly hadn't been any bed of roses. Mr. Hackathorne, in mentioning this and its difficulties thereto, said something that seemed to us quite significant.

"Those of us who went to Hollywood with nothing and missed a lot of meals know just how hard it was and is to get anywhere in pictures. But if it's in you, you'll get there," he said grimly, "in spite of missing meals and sleeping in parks and—everything."

George Hackathorne in a recent character study, that of a simple-minded country boy.

"Acting ability," said *Mr. Hackathorne*, "is the acid test of screen fame. You can't get anywhere . . . unless you possess it."

WE ASKED him how he got his start, for he commenced as an extra and it had always seemed inscrutable to us how an extra, in the case of a man, ever got an opportunity to do anything else. For most of them don't.

"It was the late William Desmond Taylor, who was murdered so mysteriously," explained Mr. Hackathorne, "who gave me my first chance to play a small part. Mr. Taylor was always on the lookout for new talent and he seemed to see in me some sort of promise of better things. At any rate, he gave me my first chance, and after this, most of it came comparatively easy. It's that first chance to do anything that's so hard to obtain, you know."

We nodded agreement over the lunch that was now served, for it seemed to us that we had detected difficulties of a like nature in other lines of endeavor. George speared a great ear of corn and went to work on it with real enthusiasm.

"Yes," he continued, "it's an awful fight to get recognition in pictures, but once you arrive anywhere your position is henceforth more or less secure. That is," he hastened to add, "providing

(*Continued on page* 31)

Can a Woman Marry any Man She Wants? "NO!" Says William BAILEY

Popular leading man declares that *masculine of the species* is safe from feminine's charms if he only wants to be

By Regina Cannon

"If a real man," said *Mr. Bailey*, "met a vamp he'd laugh himself sick."

WE'VE heard," we confided over the cantaloupe to our partner at luncheon, "that a woman can marry any man she wants to. Do you think it is so, or has someone been trying to kid us again?"

"I think," replied William Bailey, our host, "that, in the vernacular of Broadway and 42nd Street, 'somebody's been trying to give you a good time.'"

So, although disappointed at this stage and movie actor's rejoinder, we determined to hang on to our illusion, so to speak, and pursued the topic further.

"You've got to give us reasons, Mr. Bailey," we continued. "We're a native of Kansas City and a member in good standing of the Show Me Club, besides, it's easy to believe what one wants to and at this particular time in our career, we'd like to feel that it can be done—we mean getting someone we want."

Mr. Bailey, that clever young actor who has entertained New York audiences nightly in "Polly Preferred" during the past year, smiled at us a bit indulgently.

"Well, let us give this little matter some consideration," he compromised. "If a woman set out deliberately to get a man, she'd be a vamp, wouldn't she? And, believe it or no, men hate vamps. Yes, they do. I've heard them talk."

"Oh, they're just wonderful—in pictures," we interrupted.

"They don't picture them right then," replied Mr. Bailey with conviction. "Why, if a real honest-to-God man met a vamp in real life as she's pictured in *reel* life, he'd either laugh himself sick or run home to mother. Personally, I can't imagine anything more ludicrous than a sleek siren all done up in jet and perfume with a rose between her teeth, murmuring between clenched teeth, 'Kiss me my fool,' or whatever the deuce they're reputed to say.

"Why, a woman using those methods to gain a man's regard or affection or whatever it is she wants, would be out in the cold. If he had any sense of humor at all he'd be expecting the call of 'Final Curtain' any minute. It would surely impress him as play-acting and nothing else."

Mr. Bailey lit a cigarette in that slow, careless manner that registers poise and dignity and what we are pleased to call "the man of the world" air. We stared, fascinated.

"Don't you think," we parried, "that, given an opportunity to be around a man a good deal, a woman could make him care for her?"

Mr. Bailey's countenance brightened visibly.

"Yes, indeed," he readily conceded. "Women are undoubtedly much more subtle than men. If a certain man interested a woman to the extent that she would go out of her way to be affable to him, why naturally he's going to find in her an agreeable companion."

"That's just what we've been getting at," we announced triumphantly.

"Not at all," returned our host. "I mean that they might become good friends—not husband and wife—there's a difference, you know," laughed Mr. Bailey.

AFTER that last remark, fans, need we stop to tell you that William Bailey has a beautiful sense of humor? Also, if he wasn't a splendid actor, he'd make a great executive, for one can easily recognize that he possesses an orderly mind.

"Well, you say that a woman *can't* marry the man she wants?"

"Of course she can—if he wants her, too," smiled Mr. Bailey.

"Just you wait," we returned, brightening at the vision of peaches and cream the waiter placed before us, "you'll change your mind. Didn't some men say women would never get the vote—and now, even though they don't know what to do with it—they've got it. And it'll be the same with men—they'll get the men they want."

"Well, they won't," said Mr. Bailey. "At least they won't get *me*. I'd just like to see any woman vamp me that I didn't want to have vamp me, and up to date I've never wanted to have any. No, sir, all this stuff about vampires is stuff and nonsense. The only man who gets himself vamped is the man who wants to be."

So there you are, girls. Those of you who have designs on the Beau Brummel of the neighborhood may just as well save your time and energy as go out to vamp him—for, according to one of the cleverest men on the stage and screen, it can't be done.

Can a Woman Marry the Man She Wants?

"YES!" Says Martha Mansfield

Charming *screen actress* declares that it lies within power of fair sex to wed whom they please—Tells why

By Courtenay Marvin

A SLIGHT click came over the telephone, and then a pleasant voice.

"Yes," it said, "I'll be glad to see you any evening, but the studio keeps me too busy during the day. Do you mind climbing four flights of stairs?"

Four flights of stairs to see Martha Mansfield! Martha of the beautiful profile! Of course we didn't, and we told her so. We'd have climbed to the top of the Woolworth Building, if need be.

So, on the proper evening and at the appointed time, we wended our way toward Martha's domicile. And there we really did find the stairs. Up and up we went. Step! Step! Rather a little climb at that. Then a cheery voice called from the floor above: "Only one more."

In the soft light shining through the living-room door, we saw a slender silhouette. We followed it into a room of soft shadows and comfy couches. It was just the kind of room we love, and with a sense of deep satisfaction, we parked ourselves among inviting cushions. Then we had our first real peep at Martha. Yes, we decided, quitely lovely.

And then Martha began to tell us all the things we wanted to know. And such a fund of interesting information! Not in a long while have we met one who really could tell us so much. But the editor had told us what our topic was, so we couldn't veer from that.

"Miss Mansfield," we eagerly queried, "do you think a woman can get any man she wants?"

Martha looked thoughtful at that. Truly, such a bumper is enough to furrow the brows of anyone. All our lives we've been hearing the yeas and nays of the problem, and we haven't made up our minds yet.

"Well," she smiled. "Let's have something to drink first. Sasparilla or gingerale? I have them both."

"Gingerale," we echoed. Then from the offing came the loveliest music in the world—the tinkle of ice against glass, and Martha appeared in the doorway, herself the bearer of two slender glasses of amber light.

"Women, unless they are terribly in love, are better actors than men, when it comes to the emotions, and if a woman decides that she must capture a man, then she generally does it. In some ways, women are much more clever than men. A woman will study a man. She will detect his weaknesses. She will decide upon his likes and dislikes. It isn't so difficult for her to determine the type of woman he admires. Some men like to do the petting. And then others like the petting to come to them. And then, of course, you have the man whose weakness is the little home girl, the athletic young woman, and all the various categories that our young women of today fall into. Of course the woman must be clever and versatile if she decides to play the part of the kind of woman that the victim desires, and does succeed in playing right into his heart. But such things are done. One sees evidence of it every day."

"If a woman decides that she must capture a man," said *Miss Mansfield*, "she generally does it."

So we've decided that when we spot our male target, the first thing to do is to decide what kind of girls he likes. Then the next thing to do is to attempt the chameleon trick—to change our spots, as it were. Is it an easy thing to do, though? Can it be done?

OUR curiosity about this was so intense that we couldn't refrain from asking:

"If a woman has some material end in view, the task is not nearly so difficult. But if she's really in love with him, oh, well . . .," and here ensued one of those little eloquent silences.

"Yes?" we breathed hopefully.

"Then she's just herself, and that's all there is to it."

Martha smiled. Rather a happy, wise little smile. Does she really know, we wondered? But we couldn't ask that.

The evening was getting on, so we thought we'd better be, too.

"We're afraid we've taken all your time," we profusely apologized.

"Indeed you haven't," said Martha. "The studio keeps me so busy that when evening comes I'm satisfied with the theatre once or twice a week, and home other times.

"See?"

Then: "I hope you'll come again. Will you?"

"Of course we will," we called as we descended the grade. It's not half so much work going downstairs as up.

"Of course the studio is the real center of my life. A motion picture actress soon develops two distinct personalities, one which she keeps on a shelf to be taken out for the friends she chooses; the other for exhibition manipulation before her director and her fans.

Pity the Poor Scenario Editor!

Julian Johnston, scenario editor of *Famous Players - Lasky Corporation.*

He gets more than his share when it comes to wading through daily stacks of unsolicited manuscript—Ask *Julian Johnston*—He knows

By Charles E. Dexter

WHY haven't you sold that scenario of yours?

Why did it come back—and then, a few months later, why did you see it on the screen—changed slightly, it is true, but with the same idea as yours?

Did the film company to which you sent it, steal it?

Or is the fault yours?

The letter which appears on this page was written by a sincere movie fan, a man who honestly believes that he has been imposed upon and cheated of his rightful reward as a scenario writer. Its spirit is typical of that of thousands of other would-be writers for the screen.

Of course, we might point out to our correspondent that it would not be amiss for him to learn how to spell and to punctuate before inflicting his ideas on scenario editors, but even a few errors in spelling do not spoil a good idea.

We want to trace, however, the development of an idea, its growth and how it is finally transformed into a motion picture. The scenario editors of the world have no easy task. Long, long ago, a great Greek writer pointed out that there are just thirty-six possible plots for stories, and that no matter how you wrack your brains, you will find no more.

These plots are founded on thirty-six varieties of human emotions and experiences. They are the roots of all living and not only are all stories derived from them, but all life is no more than a variation on their theme.

Let's name a few of these fundamentals of all stories:

There is avarice, greed, envy, love, hate, fear . . . and so on.

Look more deeply into these emotions, You find avarice, greed, envy all tied up with the will to live. Love is merely the desire to live eternally in some one else. Hate is the desire to destroy those who do not want us to live. Fear is the desire not to die, to live forever. So we see that all mankind wants merely to live, to eat, to love, to reproduce, and not to die.

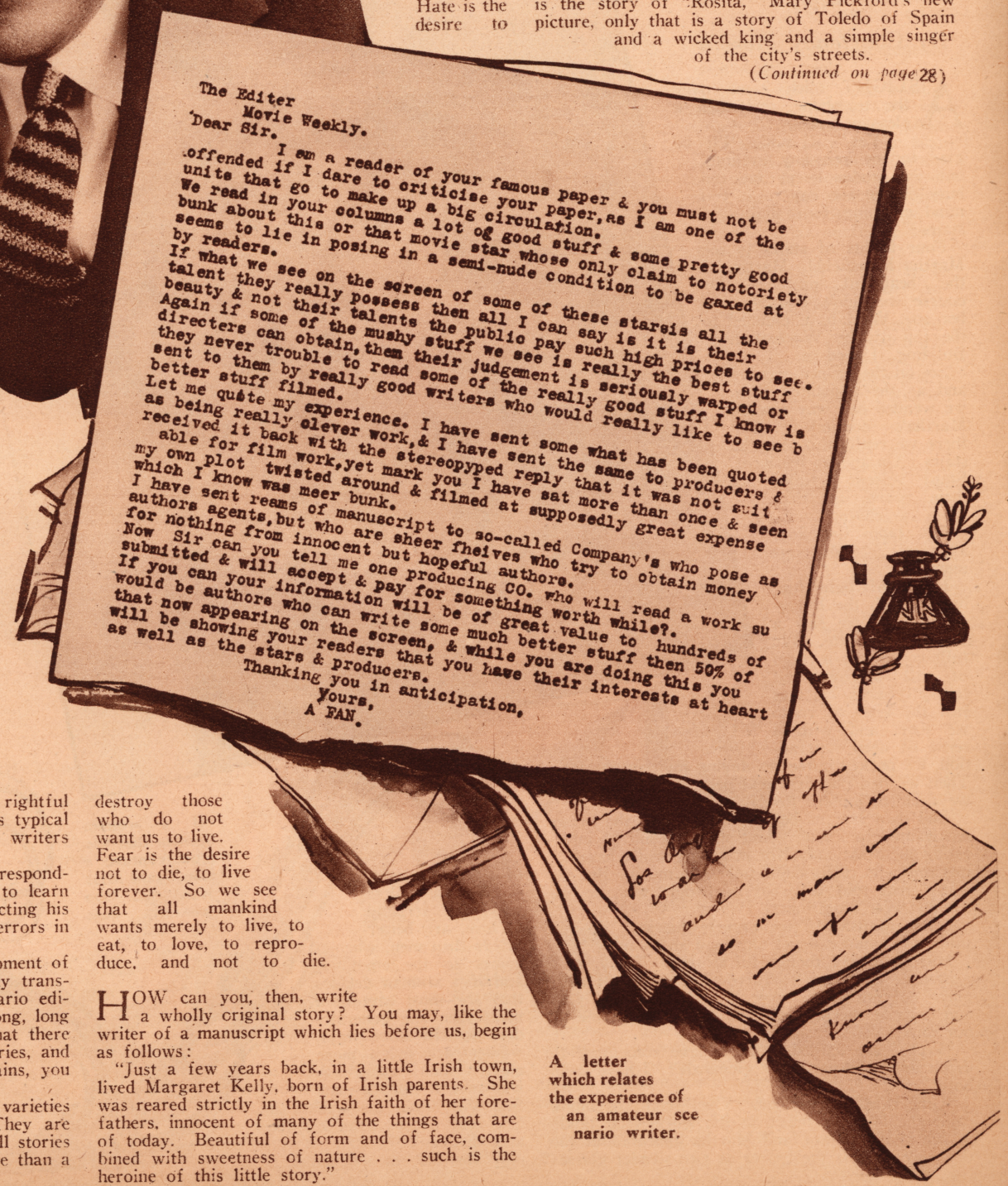
HOW can you, then, write a wholly original story? You may, like the writer of a manuscript which lies before us, begin as follows:

"Just a few years back, in a little Irish town, lived Margaret Kelly, born of Irish parents. She was reared strictly in the Irish faith of her forefathers, innocent of many of the things that are of today. Beautiful of form and of face, combined with sweetness of nature . . . such is the heroine of this little story."

Now what can happen to little Margaret Kelly, beautiful, reared in the faith of her forefathers? Only the same old thing, perhaps in a new guise, perhaps modified slightly. We read on. A wealthy gentleman, a yacht, the son of the wealthy gentleman . . . what is Margaret going to do? You know at once she is to fall in love with him. You know without reading further that he is to be a worldly youth, the son of a man and woman of the world. You know of the struggle between love for her lover and her father, and of the inevitable *denouement* in which Margaret will triumph over her love and live happily at last.

HOW many times has this story been written? Thousands of times. It is the story of "Merry-Go-Round," only in "Merry-Go-Round" it was a story of a poor Austrian carousel girl and a nobleman of the court of Franz Joseph. It is the story of "Rosita," Mary Pickford's new picture, only that is a story of Toledo of Spain and a wicked king and a simple singer of the city's streets.

(*Continued on page 28*)



The Editer
Movie Weekly.
'Dear Sir.

I am a reader of your famous paper & you must not be offended if I dare to criticise your paper, as I am one of the units that go to make up a big circulation.

We read in your columns a lot of good stuff & some pretty good bunk about this or that movie star whose only claim to notoriety seems to lie in posing in a semi-nude condition to be gaxed at by readers.

If what we see on the screen of some of these starsis all the talent they really possess then all I can say is it is their beauty & not their talents the public pay such high prices to see. Again if some of the mushy stuff we see is really the best stuff directers can obtain, them their judgement is seriously warped or they never trouble to read some of the really good stuff I know is sent to them by really good writers who would really like to see b better stuff filmed.

Let me quote my experience. I have sent some what has been quoted as being really clever work, & I have sent the same to producers & received it back with the stereopyped reply that it was not suitable for film work, yet mark you I have sat more than once & seen my own plot twisted around & filmed at supposedly great expense which I know was meer bunk.

I have sent reams of manuscript to so-called Company's who pose as authors agents, but who are sheer fheives who try to obtain money for nothing from innocent but hopeful authors.

Now Sir can you tell me one producing CO. who will read a work su submitted & will accept & pay for something worth while?.

If you can your information will be of great value to hundreds of would be authors who can write some much better stuff then 50% of that now appearing on the screen, & while you are doing this you will be showing your readers that you have their interests at heart as well as the stars & producers.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours,
A FAN.

A letter which relates the experience of an amateur scenario writer.

Some Hidden Engagement Rings

Rumors are rife in Hollywood that *Dan Cupid is busy among screen folk*—Who is engaged to whom is now question of the day

By Grace Greenwood

MANY a gem of purest ray serene is hiding its light under a bushel, these days, or anyway under a flock of lingerie in a dainty dresser. Except, of course, when said gem is worn on some fair toe—which is really being done these days, they do say! Occasionally, of course, these engagement rings are worn right out in the open, but many of them are being kept concealed from prying and inquisitive eyes.

It looks as though, for instance, if things go not amiss, Bessie Love may become Mrs. Johnny Hines one of these days. The two stars twinkle often together and blend their auras at many a dance, these cool, pleasant summer evenings. Often, too, the delightful pair go swimming together at Crystal Pier or Redondo.

Miss Love has had many admirers heretofore, and at one time was known as "the daughter of the regiment." She was such a great favorite with all the army officers, and it was said in those days that you positively couldn't get a look-in with the fair Bessie unless you wore a uniform; but of late she has been willing to give mere ordinary male mortals a chance to bear her company. Johnny Hines is reported to have been engaged once upon a time to a pretty eastern actress, but that's all over now. If these two want to wed, they have my blessing.

Johnny Hines, who has been seen paying serious court to *Bessie Love*.

It looks as though *Bessie Love* may become *Mrs. Johnny Hines* one of these days.

Perhaps the most talked of devotion these days is that which Irving G. Thalberg, the brilliant young picture producer, is laying at the pretty feet of Constance Talmadge. They do say, however, that though Constance is very fond of her devoted admirer—that, in fact, she is on the very brink of saying yes most of the time—she is just a bit reluctant to give up her freedom again so soon. But if the impulsive young lady does wed, it will doubtless be Thalberg who will be the happy man.

ONE of the very newest romances in filmland is that between Carmel Myers and Craig Biddle, the latter the son of a millionaire jeweler of Philadelphia. Young Biddle has been achieving something of a record for switching his attentions. First it was Derelys Perdue who was smiling into young Biddle's eyes, but there was a quarrel, and everything was all off between the two. Then Miss Hartje, herself a wealthy young Pittsburgh matron, who is getting a divorce from her husband, was the object of Biddle's attentions. It seems that the two had known each other since childhood. But now it appears that Carmel Myers has snared him for certain, and you may meet the two, any fine day, swimming at the beach, or lunching together in some well-known cafe. Miss Myers is great friends with Craig's mother, which helps make things smooth and pleasant.

Carmel Myers, it is said, may marry *Craig Biddle*, the son of a *Philadelphia* millionaire.

Just when Helen Ferguson and William Russell will be married is a continual puzzle to

(*Continued on page* 30)

My Wife becomes — a Movie Star • •

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Is beauty worthy of every sacrifice? This is the problem faced by the writer of these confessions. He reveals himself as a youth who forgets his strict religious training, in a moment of passion and who falls in love with and marries a girl whose greatest virtue is her beauty. He becomes a smoked herring manufacturer. She, by virtue of a newspaper beauty contest, becomes a motion picture star. His eyes are still closed to the truth when, one day, he opens the door of their hotel room and finds her in the arms of a man.

Second gripping instalment of this *soul-baring narrative of* a man's life, entitled "The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband"

California! **The name re-echoed in my mind like a knell . . .**

FOR the moment, my heart stopped beating. The sight of my beautiful wife, nestling in the arms of a stranger, and a very good looking stranger at that, was so terrible in my eyes that I staggered, rather than stepped, into the room.

"Vivian!" I shouted. "What in God's name——"

To my amazement, a screaming chorus of laughter interrupted me. Glancing around, I discovered what had hitherto escaped my notice—that all the chairs in the room were occupied by strangers, except one, which was occupied by Rosenstein, the producer. And he was laughing more heartily than all the rest.

My sentence dide uncompleted on my lips. Vivian, white with rage, had withdrawn herhelf from the arms of the handsome young blond man, who was looking at me, smiling half-foolishly and half in apoiogy.

"I am sorry, sir," he said. "We were only rehearsing!"

"I think—— shouted Rosenstein, and went off into a renewed spasm of laughter. Meanwhile, Vivian had managed to smile, though I could easily discern by the glitter in her eyes, that she was greatly annoyed at me. She is an accomplished mistress of the social arts, is Vivian, and she carried off the situation nicely. Without betraying to the eyes of the others her annoyance at my blundering *faux pas*, she gayly introduced me to the rest of them—Sydney Washington, another director, who I was told got $40,000 a picture, and made four pictures a year, and also had a cut-in on the profits, and Harold Lessingboy, a continuity writer, and Alice Brooks, an actress who was just getting her name into the whitelights. While I was acknowledging these various introductions, Rosenstein was still doubled up in his oily mirth on the chair, rocking back and forth in his laughter.

"I think——" he roared again, and was off on another spasm, still too overcome with amusement to tell us what it was that he thought.

No one else paid much attention to him, but every one paid a great of attention to Vivian. There was apparently no traces of professional jealousy of a rank amateur such as Vivian was then. I did not know at the time, as I know now, that all of those in the room had something to be gained by toadying to Rosenstein, and as Vivian was Rosenstein's new find, it was their cue to be nice to her. And they were nice to her. They gathered around me, and told me I mustn't mind a love scene rehearsed with others present.

"It's when they do it when no one else is around that you want to begin to worry," said Alice Brooks, rolling her blue eyes at me tantalizingly. "Jim—that's my husband—got over being jealous long ago. When you are married to a movie star, you just can't be jealous, you know. It isn't being done!

"I think——" shouted Rosenstein, and was off again.

It was too much. We all turned on him.

"Well, what in God's name do you think?" cried Alice Brooks.

"I think—I think—I think——" panted Rosenstein, recovering his breath with great difficulty, "I think—I think——"

"Yes, yes, go on!" pleaded Sydney Washington.

"I think her husband ought to go into the movies!" exploded Rosenstein. "My God! Did you see his face? When he opened that door? And saw Wasn't it too rich . . . .? Mr. Blakely — hugging — his wife? Wasn't it to rich for nothing? Wasn't it just a kill? Hah? Oy, boy! He'd make a heavy, he'd make it!"

I turned away, trying not to hide my disgust. The man was starting out to make Vivian famous. Perhaps he would make us both rich. But he was making me sick at heart; the whole affair was destroying my peace of mind. I was glad, at least, that in another hour, Vivian and I would be on the train together, speeding back to a few weeks of being alone together under our own roof-tree.

"Are you all packed up?" I asked, forcing as pleasant a smile as I could. "I've got reservations on the Congressional Limited, and we haven't too much time."

An embarassed silence followed my words. I observed that no one was looking at me; a faint flush was on Vivian's cheeks.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I—I am not going back with you, dear," said Vivian. "I've got to stay here. They are going to give me a lot of—of rehearsing, before we start work on the picture. You see, I need a lot of rehearsing, dear. I am just a beginner. I've got to be taught. You won't mind —will you, dear?"

She came up to me and clasped my hands, looking up into my eyes appealingly.

I was a cad.

I couldn't help it, though. I didn't want to act like a milk-driver. But my worst self simply got the better of me. I threw her hands off from me, rudely.

"Don't pose around me?" I snapped.

"What——" she gasped.

"You can't rehearse with me," I cried bitterly. "This parting from me is only just another rehearsal. This thing has turned

your head. You said you were coming back home with me. Well, what has changed your mind?"

"My dear man——" said Rosenstein, indignantly.

"You go to——!" I told him. "You're trying to act as if you own my wife. I come in here and find her in another man's arms. When I get sore, you all laugh at me. Then, when my wife tells me she is not going to return to our home, you say, 'My dear man! I can attend to my own affairs without you!"

"But this is your wife's affairs," said Rosenstein, preserving his temper admirably.

"Dear, you are all upset," said Vivian, pityingly, as if she were soothing a rebelnous child. "You are not acting like a man at all. But surely, you can understand. All my future is bound up in this. And that future means a very great deal to me. I must have it, now, dear. This taste has made me, oh, so hungry for more. And I've got to do what Mr. Rosenstein tells me to do. Dear, you've forgotten yourself. Apologize!"

I glared around at them all. I felt trapped. They were all so damned superior. They were all so much better dressed than I; they looked so much wiser. I felt like a rube from back on the farm, and I knew, painfully, that I had acted like a fool before them all. And Vivian was right. It was a great chance for her. I had no right to stand in her way. And yet it seemed somehow, dangerous, for me to leave her in the city of New York, among all these strange people alone. I couldn't remain there with her. My business needed me.

"I'm sorry!" I said. "But what husband wouldn't feel badly about it? There are so many tales in the newspapers of the immorality that goes on in New York, and especially among the moving picture people——"

"Ta! Ta!" carolled Alice Brooks.

"My dear man," spluttered Rosenstein indignantly, "we have a lying and yellow press. I can vouch for that personally. It is a shame the way they talk. In the moving picture business there is what I call the few wild ones. Don't you think there is a few wild ones in the smoked herring business?"

"I don't think so," I replied, irritably. The man Rosenstein was beginning to get on my nerves so that I was harboring murderous intentions against him.

"Well! Maybe not in the smoking herring business, I wouldn't be so sure, though. But in any other business there is what I call the few wild ones. In the moving picture business we got 'em again—the few wild ones. Here a girl that ain't—well, she just ain't all her mother wanted she should be, maybe. There a man what ain't none too good. A few drinks too much. Maybe a little worse. Now and then a dope fiend—a snow bird, we call 'em. But that is all. The few wild ones, just as in any other business.

"Now, about your wife you don't have to worry. I am going to take her into my own place, up on Riverside Drive. My wife will be so glad to have her. My sisters will like her and so will my two brothers-in-law. Everybody in my family will be glad she is there. No chance for her to get wild, my dear man. And it will be only for a little time when she can run down to your town—or you, maybe, can run up and see her!"

Well? If you were Vivian's husband, what would you have done?

I kissed her goodbye, I shook hands with everyone, including Rosenstein—whose hand was flabby and coldly moist—and then hurried to the station, getting there just a minute before the gates were shut.

All the long journey home, my heart was heavy and sad—I was torn with doubts, fears, longings and a crushed feeling.

I felt like a worm.

Vivian was on her way to being somebody. I knew then, with the force of a conviction, that I could never become a part of the crowd which was taking her up. I was a smoked herring wholesaler, and that was all you could ever make out of me.

And yet I did love Vivian—I loved her with all my being. If it would have helped her, I would willingly have laid my stupid old head on the railroad track and waited for the next train. In fact, it would have been less painful to do that, than to suffer the long agony of bitter feeling that I had in leaving Vivian among her new strange companions in New York while I came home—alone.

The next morning I was up early, waiting for the letter man. I was certain that Vivian would write me a letter before she had gone to bed the night before.

But there was no letter.

I waited for the noon mail, and finally, in despair for the last of the mail man's round in the afternoon. But there came no letter, that day or the next.

"I think her husband ought to go into the movies!" *Rosenstein* exploded. "My God! Did you see his face?"

Finally I grew desperate. I sent her a telegram, asking her to wire me if she were all right. For twenty-four hours, I waited for an answer to that telegram but none came.

It was almost midnight. I was sure that Vivian was in bed asleep, and yet my feelings were such that I could not endure another sleepless night. I felt that I must talk with her. I called information on the telephone and gave Rosenstein's name, and asked that they connect me with him on the long distance.

There was a delay on the wire. It was after two o'clock in the morning before I was connected.

It was a woman's voice speaking.

"Hello!" she said.

I asked for Vivian.

"Mr. Rosenstein ain't here," said the voice. "They ain't nobody here!"

"Where are they?" I demanded.

"They all went to California this afternoon," the girl replied.

California!

The name re-echoed in my mind like a knell, sounding above the grave of my marriage.

In a numbed despair, I hung up the telephone receiver, and sat there, brooding in the darkness of the hallway. Love hunger was eating at my heart, and the sharp fangs of an almost unbearable hurt was with it.

I could not understand how Vivian could have acted toward me with such complete disregard. It looked to me as if her head were completely turned; as if, in the swirl of flattery and pleasure which her success had brought, her love for me, the husband who adored her, had been burned away completely.

That hurt. It hurt so hard that I sat there, hour upon hour, writhing in spiritual pain. It was strange to me, even then, that I could not muster up any resentment toward Vivian. I even reproached myself for having acted so much the churl. After all, it was perhaps only natural that she should turn giddy at such a Cinderella turn to her life. She had been judged by competent artists to be the most beautiful girl in America. That, in itself, was enough to change her a great deal—for a little while, at least. There was a stifled breath of despair in my throat when I thought of that; a little prayer in my heart that it would be only for a little while.

I wanted her—more than ever before I wanted her.

The novelty of her surroundings in New York, the ability to act which her test pictures had evinced, all were elements conspiring to draw her away from me. I forced myself to be reasonable and recognize these facts.

Also I recognized very clearly that I was not a particularly romantic personality. My smoked herring business had no glamor about it. But the moving pictures! They opened up new vistas of romance and adventure. And they were rightly Vivian's. They belonged to her. Who was I that I should try to draw her back; to stay her feet when she yearned to dance down the opening avenues to glory and fame and new fields of happiness?

All this I made myself realize. The one thing that jarred me, and brought the ache to my heart again and again, was that sudden trip to California. That I could not understand. It might have been necessary; even in my almost complete ignorance of the moving pictures I could surmise any number of causes which might make such a sudden change in plans inevitable.

But why hadn't she let me know about it?

The question was unanswerable. It was so unlike Vivian. I still believed that she loved me; however much her beautiful head might be turned, I was certain that in her heart of hearts she cared for me, and always would care for me.

But my anxiety was too great for sleep. I spent the rest of the night walking the floor, brooding, sad, and a little dismayed at what the future might have in store for me.

By morning I had arrived at a decision.

In fact, I had come to two determinations,

(*Continued on page 29*)

Take Your Wife to

An Original Picture of Married Life—*"The Silent Partner,"* *"Drifting,"* and *"The Midnight Alarm,"* Reviewed by

Lewis F. Levenson

"No daughter of mine can wear a bathing suit like that," says *Daddy* to *Ruth Clifford* in *"Mothers-in-Law."*

So this is marriage. *Owen Moore* and *Leatrice Joy* in *"The Silent Partner."*

"MOTHERS-IN-LAW"

A New Angle to the Old Joke

Presented by Preferred Pictures Corporation with a cast composed of Edith Yorke, Josef Swickard, Gaston Glass, Ruth Clifford, Vola Vale, and Crauford Kent. Directed by Gasnier.

How to freshen up the old mother-love story has been excellently demonstrated by Gasnier in his latest production, "Mothers-in-Law." A deft twist here, a bit of raillery there, plenty of soft, charming photography and enough good acting to provide the necessary realism, and you have a film which is well above the average in entertainment value.

Our only complaint is that Gasnier has wandered slightly away from his mother-in-law theme in order to create an entirely delightful character who hasn't a great deal to do with the development of the story. This character is the irascible father of the hero, played by Josef Swickard. We are duly thankful to Gasnier for giving Mr. Swickard this opportunity of playing a role which is one of his best since his creation of the memorable Centaur of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," but we can't avoid pointing out that father's temper, father's decline and father's death do nothing more than slow up the action.

"Mothers-in-Law" poses the problem of the country boy who meets a fast city girl, marries her and then finds her interested in another man. An old situation this, but it is brightened up by inserting a mother-in-law of the usual mother type, and not a figure out of a joke-book, as she might have been. Edith Yorke, whose mothers have been of the stereotyped sort, emerges here as an actress who has both dramatic and comic ability.

The real leads of the picture are divided between Ruth Clifford as the wife and Gaston Glass as the husband. Miss Clifford dresses with a keen sense of the sensational, and also shows that she has gained much experience as an actress. Mr. Glass, we thought, was a trifle too boyish, but he may merely have been trying to overcome the handicap of being miscast. Mr. Glass is a few years older than he was in the good old days of "Humoresque," but apparently all directors are not aware of the passage of time.

No Gasnier picture is complete without its party. "Mothers-in-Law" breaks the record with no less than three parties. All were lively affairs with which we have no complaint. Preferred pictures are always characterized by beautiful photography and settings. "Mothers-in-Law" is no deviation from this custom.

"Mothers-in-Law" will undoubtedly be a popular picture with grown-up fans who like to see all angles of the marriage game illustrated on the screen.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE SILENT PARTNER"

Leatrice Joy as a Film-Saver

Presented by Jesse L. Lasky at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Leatrice Joy, Owen Moore, Robert Edeson, Robert Schable, Patterson Dial, E. H. Calvert, Maude Wayne, Bess Flowers, Lura Anson, Bert Woodruff, and Robert Grey. Directed by Charles Maigne.

See "MOTHERS IN LAW"

Here is that most unusual of all movie birds, a picture saved by a star. The test of a star is not always a high-grade picture. Rather is it an average picture which she lifts to the level of something fine.

"The Silent Partner" is a very ordinary picture as pictures go. Its story is old, old stuff, all about

Anna Mae Wong in a thrilling scene from *"Drifting."*

the crooks who plot to ruin a poor lamb by inducing him to invest all his money in Wall Street, the chief wolf in this instance being a rough and ready broker who wants to go to Europe with the lamb's wife.

Anyone could guess all the tricks of this plot long before they are screened, and so "The Silent Partner" would have been bad entertainment if it were not for Miss Joy. Miss Joy took her poor little character, that of a wife who tries to stave off the inevitable crash by saving some money for a rainy day, and she made the character as real a little woman as possible. Lisa Coburn, the wife, becomes firm, far-sighted, not easily hurt. She plays her game nobly, and in watching her we soon forget the banality of the plot and are engrossed in her very real troubles.

We wonder whether Miss Joy will ever be as good as in this picture. This sort of a role, a dominating wife, fits her superbly. In more genuine surroundings, with a story worthy of her, she might create a memorable role.

"The Silent Partner" finds Robert Edeson in a rather different part, that of a would-be home-destroyer. Owen Moore does very well with the weak hero, adding just enough comedy to make him human.

"The Silent Partner" is pleasing because of Miss Joy's work.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"DRIFTING"

A Hop Dream

Presented by Universal Pictures Corporation at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Priscilla Dean, Matt Moore, Wallace Beery, J. Farrel McDonald, Rose Dione, Edna Tichener, William V. Mong, Anna Mae Wong, Bruce Guerin, William Moran, Marie de Albert and Frank Lanning. Directed by Tod Browning.

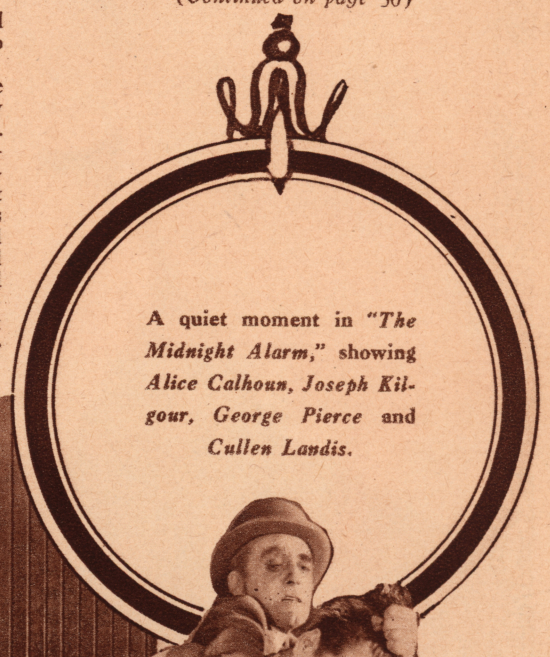
If "Drifting" had no story, we supposed it would have been no picture. But better no picture than one with a hopeless story.

Unfortunately for capable players in the cast, unfortunately for the director and for Mr. Laemmle, who paid for the settings, the story is worse than nothing at all. It never convinces. It almost always seems to force its way along, and especially toward the end, when some beautiful and extraordinary effects are achieved by the director, its artificiality becomes so apparent that one cannot help regretting the waste of so much good effort. Regeneration as a theme for a film must be handled gently or it becomes maudlin. "Drifting" tells of the regeneration of a woman who has made her living from the sale of opium. The motive for her regeneration is her love for a stricken, sodden girl she has picked up somewhere, and for whom she wants to "get good." The immediate cause of her regeneration is a poor sap of a spy who never does anything from the moment we see him until he fades out in her arms at the end.

Never have we seen Matt Moore so woefully miscast. Mr. Moore was splendid in the role of the careless lover of "Minnie." But as a handsome young spy in white duck, embellished with a moustache, he is the last word in zeros.

Priscilla Dean, who can be as tough as they make 'em on the screen, tries hard to give some realism to her part as Cassie Cook, but no power on earth, magic, mystic or calisthenic, could recreate poor Cassie. Moreover, Miss Dean is showing a tendency toward the accumulation of avoir-

(*Continued on page* 30)



A quiet moment in *"The Midnight Alarm,"* showing *Alice Calhoun, Joseph Kilgour, George Pierce* and *Cullen Landis.*

WILLIAM RUSSELL
starring in
"Boston Blackie"

CLAIRE WINDSOR
appearing in
"Rupert of Hentzau"

CHAPLIN *defies* Old Conventions *in* Movie-Making

Edna Purviance, who stars in "*A Woman of Paris,*" the first picture to be directed by *Charlie Chaplin.*

Charlie Chaplin, who wrote, directed and produced "*A Woman of Paris.*"

World famous comedian completes his first picture and revolutionizes methods of film production—"_A Woman of Paris_" features _Edna Purviance_

By Lawrence Langdon

"A WOMAN OF PARIS," the first picture written, directed and produced by Charlie Chaplin, has been viewed by only a few, but those who have seen it declare it is one of the most unusual pictures ever filmed.

In it appears Edna Purviance, the blonde girl who developed into a capable actress during the years she played opposite the famous Charlie, but she is not cast in one of her old roles. Instead she is the central figure in a melodrama, which, although its plot contains no tremendously new and original situation, is said to have been done with so many unique touches that it will startle the fans.

"I have tried to get away from the old system of doing things," Mr. Chaplin is quoted as saying at the first private showing of the picture.

Here is the story:

A young French girl comes from a small town in France to Paris. There she misunderstands the man she is to marry. She quits him and develops into the mistress of the richest and gayest bachelor of the capitol. Then she meets her old sweetheart, who has become an artist. The old love revives, and there is some shooting.

Not very new, you will have to admit, but those present at the initial showing say that it is one of the most entirely human things they have ever witnessed. Chaplin has made this old story seem so plausible, so life-like that its apparently simple plot becomes as complex as life itself.

Even the titles, we are told, are not titles, in the sense that they are written out statements. They are merely speeches of he characters, written exactly as people talk in every day life.

On the other hand, Chaplin has not tried to play up to the highbrows. The picture is said to be of the type that will appeal to all but very youthful picture-goers, and even they may like it, for it is not all tragedy, but throughout runs an undercurrent of quiet laughter.

"A Woman of Paris" was nearly eight months in the making and almost 400,000 feet of film was used. The painstaking way in which Mr. Chaplin went about his work is shown by the fact that the big scene between mother and son was photographed one hundred and ten times. It is said that this scene, in addition to being made with meticulous care, is convention smashing in that it contains no sweet "mother stuff."

EDNA PURVIANCE has her chance at last in the title role, and it is said that she lives up to the promise she showed in the few scenes from old Chaplin comedies in which she had an opportunity to do real dramatic work. Pre-viewers of the film say that one of its immediate results will be to make both Adolphe Menjou, who plays the bachelor, and Carl Miller, the son, stars of the screen. Mr. Menjou has played many character roles in the past, but he never had an opportunity with a lengthy, intricate role. Mr. Miller played in one or two of the Chaplin comedies.

Their improvement is undoubtedly due to the inspiration they received from Mr. Chaplin, who apparently has gone to the lengths of working on and building up the acting of even the smallest and most insignificant extra in the picture.

One of those who has seen "A Woman of Paris" writes:

"If Mr. Chaplin makes ten pictures like this he will have done for the screen what Ibsen did in humanizing the stage with the cream of his plays and this is what the screen must undergo. All stock types are missing. The characters are just human beings like the rest of us, and of them it is said in one of the opening titles that 'they sin in blindness and only the ignorant condemn.' There have been few more convincing characters than that of Pierre Revel, acted by Mr. Menjou. And the way he is planted! There is no title needed. He merely takes a handkerchief out of a bureau drawer and you know in a flash who and what he is and how the girl from the country has spent her first year in Paris."

Another of those present at the initial showing, a famous screen star, remarked:

"Chaplin's picture is the greatest ever made."

"GIRLS who play Grown-UP Roles Seldom Marry Young," says Gloria GREY

Dainty little movie actress reveals *startling facts regarding the films* and those who make them as a result of her own observation.

By Grace Kingsley

I SHOULD be afraid to marry! Young girls who play grown-up, married women roles in pictures, are afraid to wed!"

That's what Gloria Grey said, as she put on a hoopskirt preparatory to playing her own grandma in "Bag and Baggage," a Finis Fox Production.

"Well, maybe the hoopskirt period was rather hard on women!" I ventured.

"No, no, I don't mean that. I'm quite serious!"

Gloria is seventeen. Naturally she is serious. But I let her talk on. I had to. I was delegated to an interview, and whether I believed her or not, I had to listen. But as I listened, I began to believe. "Out of the mouths of babes—" you know.

Gloria took up her smooth cheek with a made-to-order mascara line, so that she might look a tiny bit old.

You maybe knew Gloria when she was Marie Draga. She changed her name when she came under direction of Finis Fox. She was so young, it really didn't matter, her changing her name, that is, changing it herself. Of course nobody marries at seventeen now.

Which brings us right back to our subject.

"A very young girl," she went on, "takes all her characters terribly seriously. She really believes them herself, because she has just left off making believe in her childhood games, and her imagination is still lively. Then, too, she dreams of being grown up, and all grown-up people are dreadfully serious to her.

"When I was fifteen, I played the part of a wife in 'The Great Alone.' I went crazy, and mistook Monroe Salisbury for my husband!"

Gloria Grey, who plays the part of her own grandmother in "Bag and Baggage."

"Do you notice how few of the young actresses who play unhappy wives marry young?" said *Miss Grey*.

"Well, that was a mistake!" I agreed, "and Monroe Salisbury a confirmed bachelor, as he is!"

"Yes, I was out for days and days in the asbestos and salt!" she said. "But, really, I'm not joking about taking that part seriously. I took the troubles of that abused wife very very much to heart. I used to dream about the part, and wake up crying. I told my mother then that I should never, never wed.

"Do you notice how few of the young actresses who play unhappy wives marry young? Lots of the girls have told me that the playing of those parts left such an impression that they dreaded marrying for fear they should have to go through all those troubles. Of course they have to work harder than older, more experienced women would have to do in order to get into the character. And then they cannot shake it off!"

IT REALLY will be too bad if anything like spinsterhood happens concerning Miss Grey! She is a very lovely young blonde, with big, serious gray eyes, a lovely skin, blonde hair, and charming and vivid personality. Mr. Fox considers her a great find. She is said to be doing some wonderful work in "Bag and Baggage."

But there is comedy, too! Presently, having done a scene, she came back to change her clothes. Calmly she began putting on one

(*Continued on page 31*)

'The American movie public," said *Mr. Love*, "is sadly misguided in its craze for youth."

"Craze for youth stifles American film art," says Montagu Love

Well-known screen villain *discourses on movies and complains* that the "young folks" have things peculiarly all their own

By Margaret Werner

SAID the editor, "Go and see Montagu Love. He is one of the great lovers of the screen. Ask him about love-making and women."

Our heart fluttered madly, the while our memory raced back several years, to the days when we sent an ardent, admiring letter to this same dashing Montagu, and received in return an autographed photograph, which we still regard as a treasured possession.

Accordingly, this eager scribe, remembering just in time *not* to grab a notebook and pencil, sallied forth to the "L," and waited on the platform until an orange-colored train came along. There was something about this occasion that made the ordinary soot-hued train seem inadequate. None but an orange chariot should carry us to our beloved Montagu.

It was somewhat of an anti-climax to debark in a region of children, dogs, garbage cans and smells, but, as the French say, what would you? Somewhat breathless, and, if the truth must be told, very hungry for the lunch awaiting us, we arrived at the studio door and sailed grandly in. We got a confused impression of blinding Klieg lights and excited voices, and sat down in a period chair to await our bright particular star.

Ah, there he was, towering above everyone on the set, which, by the way, depicted a scene from "The Eternal City." We leaned forward excitedly, and after a moment the director put down his megaphone, the cameras ceased grinding, and there was a general stampede for the door.

"Now," we murmured, "now for a luncheon and a talk on love!"

Threading his way toward us through a cluttered mass of scenery and props came the tallest man of the movies. As we shook hands, his six feet two towered above us most formidably, and we barely avoided making some unwise crack like "How do, your Eminence?" or "How's the air up there?" However, all we said was:

"Good morning. I'm from Movie Weekly and I hope you're feeling talkative."

Mr. Love nodded.

Suddenly we started in horror and pointed mutely at Mr. Love's strong mouth. He stared back inquiringly.

"That—that little moustache—tell me it's not your own. It's part of your make-up, isn't it? Oh, do say it's not your own!"

He stroked the little trick fluff of reddish down which graced his upper lip.

"No,' he said, "no, it's not my own."

HEAVING a vast sigh of relief and fluffing out our hair, we followed the giant to his dressing room. Right here we suffered the first of a series of shocks. Was this a star's dressing room? Take equal quantities of gray dust and pink powder and sprinkle liberally over everything, and you have a good idea of Mr. Love's snug little retreat. But we recovered nobly and stood up for the next blow.

"Mr. Love," we smiled, "I understand you are one of the great lovers of the screen, and so I've been assigned to get your views on love-making and what the ladies fall for in a man."

"No, no," was the grave response. "I'm a villain, not a lover. A villain."

Well, thought we, when our brain had cleared, here's a poser. What the deuce are we going to talk about? But our powers of recuperation are simply marvelous, and in a minute or two we were brightly making a fresh start.

ALTHOUGH unbidden to do so, we removed our green felt hat and took a seat. Our huge host disposed himself on a frail chair and fell to tapping his chest and regarding a speck on the ceiling.

"Oh, I hope I'm not keeping you from anything—removing make-up or something like that," we began hopefully, for it was half past twelve.

"No, no. I've plenty of time. I don't eat lunch."

Shock number three.

"Well, I *do!*" we said, but not aloud. What would be the good?

At that moment a gray-haired actor poked his head in the door and said:

"Coming out to lunch, Monty?"

"No!" growled our host, glaring at the intruder.

"Well, Margie," we communed with ourself (or selves—this editorial plural doesn't come natural to us), "you're in a bad way, old girl. No interview on love, and no lunch. But carry on!"

So we spoke aloud:

"Mr. Love, I was to get your views on love and women, but since you are but a villain, will you please give me a few words that I can pass on to an anxiously waiting public?"

Still steadfastly regarding the speck on the ceiling and tapping his chest, he considered for a long, long time. Oh, a very long time indeed. It grew embarrassing.

"Have you any special ambitions, Mr. Love?" we asked desperately.

Ah, a gleam lit the blue eyes. We held our breath.

"Yes. To play Shakespeare on the screen."

We breathed again.

"But not Shakespearean villains?"

"Yes. Shakespeare's villains are as interesting as his heroes."

"But can the films do justice to Shakespeare as well as the stage can, with its seasoned, experienced players?"

Montague's eyes left the ceiling and met our own. His idly tapping hand had balled itself into a fist and was now banging his knee.

"That's the trouble with the American public! The movie public is sadly misguided in its craze

(*Continued on page* 30)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

"SHIRLEY MASON understands Men", says De Sola

Character expert *examines fair features of Peter Pan of the Screen* and finds her versed in knowledge of masculine minds and traits :: :: *By Vincent de Sola*

Shirley Mason

CHARACTER READING: *This is the face of a person strong in practicality, distinguished by carefulness and thoroughness. The eyes are searching and thoughtful. This is a nature inclined to trust rather than suspect. Warm sympathy and kindliness are indicated, and the ability to rise to great heights of self-sacrifice in love. The personality is somewhat self-focussed and attempts to win its desires with a slow, driving force rather than by nervous and unconsidered impulses.*

I HAVE before me four photographs of Miss Mason. Two of these are full face portraits, and two are profile pictures. Each seems to reveal a different mood, but each exhibits the same careful formation and weighed proportions that lead me to declare her unusually practical.

She is not a visionary: she prefers facts. This is what her face tells me at the first scrutiny. Its character harmony is excellent, and only in the mouth do I find contradictions to the main thread of a very concrete personality.

The eyes are alert and wide-awake, but their shape and placing with relationship to the lids and brows, would seem to indicate that she is a subjective type, somewhat self-focussed. Things outside, therefore, would not greatly affect her. She is interested in them not objectively, but mainly because of their reaction on herself.

She is not skeptical in type, and trusts easily, believing without hesitation in the good faith of those with whom she has to deal. There is loyalty present, and great faithfulness to those whom she loves. But the mouth adds the contradiction—and it is through our contradictions that we are each of us individuals—of being easily swayed through the affections. I should deduce from this contradiction that she regards all ties that touch her deeply with unswerving fidelity, and that beyond this depth she has a range of lesser feeling where emotions may come and go without great personal significance to her.

She is not idealistic in type, but at the same time she is not one of those who have ceased to be idealistic through contact with the world, and have grown bitter therefor. The high practicality of her nature makes her take life as it is and find it good.

The features are definite and strong. Eyes, mouth, and nose would say that she is self-reliant and capable. Feminine as are the contours of the face, there are indications present that she has, to an unusual degree, an understanding of masculine minds and traits.

Her humor is deep and personal, but not very broad. Life is not funny to such a person as this, any more than it is tragic. Her humor springs almost solely as a reaction from her own seriousness of purpose. She is ambitious, but the mouth and chin point out a great fondness for pleasure and some degree of likable indolence. She would dislike restlessness and nervousness and aimless energy.

Many of the traits of character in this face declare its possessor to be somewhat domestic in type. The maternal instinct is also marked, but this is mitigated by the slow, driving force of her ambition. To attain her ends she is capable of great self-sacrifice.

I like the touch of philosophy in the face, so seldom seen in the faces of the "theatre type." There is no cruelty in the face, but rather a large, general kindliness. She is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, the lips tell us. I deduce from this and other signs that she does not live in the future, but in the immediate and practical present.

Her force of will is marked. She shows the trait

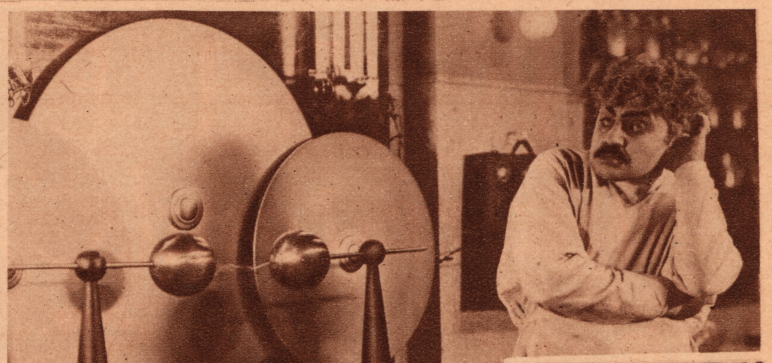
(*Continued on page 28*)

"The maternal instinct," says *de Sola*, in speaking of *Miss Mason's* face, "is marked, but this is mitigated by the slow driving force of her ambition."

Thrills chase Chills in "RED LIGHTS"

NEW SCREEN MELODRAMA PORTRAYS GIRL'S PURSUIT BY MANIAC SCIENTIST.

I.—*Ruth Carson*, (*Marie Prevost*), abducted daughter of *Luke Carson*, is found after many years living with *Norah* (*Alice Lake.*)



II.—*Ezra Carson*, a crazy scientist (*Jean Hersholt*), is the brother of *Carson* and invents a red light that carries words.

IV.—*Ruth* appeals to *Sheridan Scott*, "crime deflector" and to *John Blake*, to protect her.

III. — Learning that *Ruth* is the child of his brother, whom he has hated for many years, he threatens her death constantly by means of the red light.

V.—On the train to *Chicago* to meet *Ruth's* father, *Alden Murray* (*Lionel Belmore*), her father's attorney, is murdered.

VI.—Suspicion rests on *Blake*, but it develops that *Ezra*, the crazy scientist, has committed the crime and he is subdued after a struggle.

VII.—So *Ruth* is finally united with her father and *John Blake* seems assured of sharing in a wonderful future as the picture ends.

BEGINNING: The VIRGINIAN

A strong compelling story of life* in the early days of the great West. Fictionized from the Preferred Pictures Corporation Production on the screen of *Owen Wister's novel and Kirke La Shelle's play

By Charles Warnerby

"OH, STEVE!"

The hail halted a medium-set cowpuncher on his way from the great ranch house to the corral and, to its well-known leisurely intonation, the person addressed instantly in smiling response.

"Where yer goin'?"

Again the same leisurely deliberative voice held the man addressed in smiling uncertainty until he located its owner looking calmly down at him from the veranda of the bunk house.

"Hallo!" Steve answered. "Goin' to get m' horse. Lookin' for yer, too. Judge wants us to take forty head into Medicine Bow this morning. Come along."

Without another word, the tall man on the veranda of the bunk-house leisurely descended and joined the other.

"Don't care if I do," he said slowly, as together they made their way back to the corral, where each, after a moment of whirling rope, brought his horse, wide-eyed and palpitant, in at the end of his larit. This accomplished, a deftly thrown saddle and quickly cinched band made both animals ready for riding; and without further word the men mounted and started south in the direction of the grazing herds.

"Say!" Steve suddenly blurted. "Hear the news? Medicine Bow's goin' ter have a new school ma'am."

The Virginian, after his custom, narrowed his eyes quizzically without immediate comment. He was digesting, it was patent, the news that his companion had imparted, and it was further evident that he considered it of sufficient consequence to devote attention to—in his own ruminative way.

"Good looker?" he said at last, without turning his head toward Steve, who now and again stole little glances at his tall, uncommunicative companion.

"Glory!" Steve ejaculated. "How'd I know? I ain't seen her!"

He fell into a spell of whistling at this, while the Virginian nodded thoughtfully.

"Hope so," the latter observed finally. "Scarce enough up here."

Steve's eyes twinkled and he continued to whistle. He would punish his tall friend now, he resolved, even as the latter, by his uncommunicative ways, had time and again in the past exasperated him.

"Where'd you hear that, Steve?" the Virginian demanded after fully ten minutes had been occupied in listening to the shorter man's strident and none too tuneful whistle.

Steve took his own time about answering. He had just commenced on the chorus of a song he had learned over the phonograph and he intended to see it through to the bitter end, come what may. But the Virginian, who knew his friend's ways and what he was now up to, waited patiently,

The Virginian felt quite certain that he had never seen a face of such exquisite beauty before.

knowing that Steve was as anxious to talk as he was to listen. He lapsed back into silence, knowing that the fiendish noise his companion was making would soon cease and the information he desired be forthcoming. Nor had he long to wait.

"Medicine Bow," Steve retorted finally, his tune finished.

The Virginian's brow wrinkled and his lips moved.

"Well, as I said before, I hope she's easy to look at.' He sighed heavily at the thought of the ladies of that section of Wyoming and turned his attention to the cattle with which he and Steve had now come up.

Cutting loose from the herd the required number of forty steers, both he and Steve turned the longhorns southward over the prairie toward Medicine Bow and started shepherding the cattle toward their destination. It was routine work, all in the day's toil, and devoid of interesting incidents as such; but the visit to Medicine Bow held a little variety to the monotony of ranch life, and the Virginian welcomed it.

Eastward, the giant range of mountains stretched away until they fell below the horizon line which was now a smooth sheet of cobalt. Prairie chickens scampered before the slowly moving herd that the two cowpunchers urged southward, while occasional rabbits went leaping off through the sage brush as though Satan himself were after them.

Steve was the first to break the silence, after they had turned the cattle southward.

"Trampas went to town today." He made the statement indifferently, yet with quickened tension, knowing the feeling that existed between his friend, the Virginian, and the man alluded to.

THE Virginian's eyes narrowed a trifle at the mention of Trampas' name, but he said nothing.

"Like as not he'll come home drunker'n boiled owl," Steve added, after a space.

The Virginian turned his head slowly toward his companion and, in his gentle, drawling voice, admonished the latter.

"Don't let him get you into bad habits, Steve," he remarked quietly, letting his gray eyes rest for a moment upon his companion's sun-tanned face.

Steve laughed.

"Swell chance!" he retorted. He knew of the old enmity that existed between the two men, that threatened upon several occasions in the past to end in bloodshed. Trampas, he knew, was a bad character, yet he liked him for some obscure reason, even as he, at the same time and to an even greater extent, liked the Virginian.

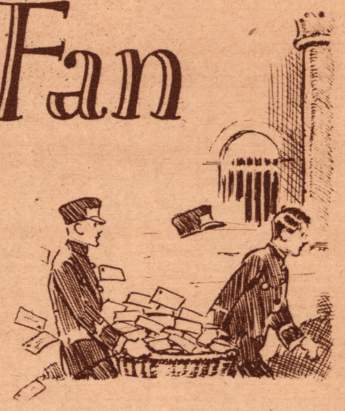
The fine features of the latter, under their heavy coat of tan, had assumed a sphinx-like expression, as he cantered slowly along, and Steve gave up trying to fathom the thoughts going on back of them. They were nearing the river that lay midway between the ranch and the town of Medicine Bow and both men's attention was needed for the present to see that the cattle got safely across.

"Hello!" said Steve suddenly. "Here comes the stage!"

On the opposite bank of the river, still at some little distance, the stage with its four horses could be seen approaching, careening in its course from

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan



What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

What Improper Movies Have You Seen? This question would be much simpler for the Women's Clubs, State Censors, Critics and other bigots to answer—than for a mere fan.

The writer believes that improper movies are a state of mind. If you deliberately go to see a current photoplay with the intention of picking it to pieces, and coolly analyzing it for immoral situations, then, and then only, you will find much to gloat over and to satisfy your twisted minds.

There are some people in this world who are continually looking for something to criticize. If it isn't "What's Wrong With the Movies?" it is "Keeping 'Fatty' Arbuckle Out of Pictures," or "Delete De Mille Pictures. They're Corrupting." And so on. One might write for hours on the improper subjects that this type of person gets so much pleasure out of discussing.

On the other hand, if you visit a movie to look for the points of real beauty, there is so much good that can be found. Then, too, isn't it much pleasanter to leave the theatre with a good taste in your mouth, than with a bad taste?

None of us are blind. At times all of us are bound to see points in some pictures that certainly do not elevate or uplift us in any way. But isn't life like that, anyhow? We have to take the bitter with the sweet, and after all, it does take all types to make the world revolve on its axis. *N'est ce pas?*

What's Wrong With the Movies? What Improper Movies Have You Seen? These are two questions I cannot honestly answer analytically. If I may use a phrase of Merton's, I would say we are on the road to "bigger and better things," and they will be with us all the sooner if we adopt the right "state of mind."

"CONNIE."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Most Pictures Are Untrue

There is a big difference between coarseness and immorality in art, whether it be depicted in a book or on the screen. Censors are supposed to look for immorality; producers are supposed to have a sense of decency. Personally, I have seen very few "coarse" pictures, or even coarse scenes in pictures.

A picture is immoral only when it is untrue. I have seen a great many "untrue" scenes; yes, pictures. My criticism of modern movies is the fact that so many of them are so ludicrously absurd in their solutions. It seems that the actors, actresses, extras and the director all get tired very suddenly, and in some *deus ex machina* manner hurl the hero and the heroine together, and they live happy forever afterwards. That is untrue; therefore, immoral.

Fairbanks' "Robin Hood" has some untrue spots. He attempts to depict the medieval atmosphere and right in the midst of it throws in some of his own modern stuff. Witness the escape of the knight who wins the tournament in the first part of the play. Whoever could imagine a knight so afraid of women! Such scenes as that are certainly not true to life, nor are they good art.

JACK GRAY.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Improper Picture Makes Fan's Blood Boil

Believing that "Wandering Daughters" would not wander far, I seated myself, prepared for a light snooze. Somehow, my eyes would not close and I saw things that made my young blood boil.

I am, I suppose, a wandering daughter, but in all my experience I have never seen any of our "set," or any other set, dance as those screen children did! They were immoral to the nth degree! Such stuff only disgusts, it does not delight.. The girl must have been in a mighty rotten crowd, and even in this "Jazz-age," people don't play "strip" dice. That, too, seemed like an insult to modern times; folks, for the most part, are clean and wholesome, even though a few drinks are passed around even in the modern family circle.

We certainly must ask *Elizabeth Brown* why *Spanish* dancers like to chew cherry twigs.

It is pretty evident that a girl who would make everyone as unhappy as the wandering daughter in the picture, would not stop at very much! It is the sins of the disposition that bear the greatest on our souls.

Directors had best remember that even the Wandering Daughters keep one foot on the "straight and narrow," and I hope we will not be insulted again!

JEANNE PETRIK.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Pictures Must Be True to Life

I have never seen a picture that was immoral. Because they contain just what life is. And is life immoral? Pictures are the most wonderful way of showing right from wrong. Because there is always the punishment for the crime committed. This life is not all shadow or is it all sunshine. So to have good pictures we must have both sunshine and shadow. Must we have fairy tales or the so-called immoral pictures (which is the truth)?

Do they stop the sale of silk stockings or any of our beautiful clothes? "No." But those are the things which help make the so-called immoral pictures immoral. If they must censor them let them start on the real cause, not the pictures. Let the working girls get their real joys by giving them enough to live on and then we will have no girls going wrong in our pictures. Let the censors help them instead of nosing around places where they should not. I hope there are others who feel the same as I do.

A. LOCK.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Reader Blames "Narrow Minds"

Seeing your notice in Movie Weekly, will say that I have been a constant movie visitor for the last eight years—am a woman of advanced years and something of an analyst, and I think competent to judge. I have yet to see an immoral picture.

Have really enjoyed those I saw, and from a viewpoint of education and relaxation, think pictures are invaluable.

Bad and immoral are strong words. It is a pity a few narrow minds should control the only avenue of enjoyment for those not blessed by wealth.

B. D. MURPHY.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Pola Negri in Action

To me the above expression is more or less of a joke. I am quite a movie fan, and would be more so if time permitted, but as yet I have my first movie to see that is any more improper than the things we see round about us every day and the things we read in our daily newspapers.

I think vicious and improper movies are a state of mind as much as anything. We see some lurid title, for we must admit there are such, and we go prepared to be duly shocked and usually we find what we seek, if it is only in our imagination. There is no getting away from the fact that some pictures are not all they should be, but why dwell on that part of it, and why is it any worse than the literature that is being sold and read by all?

What we see, of course, may impress us more at the time; but what we read is something that can be dwelt on and read again and again in secret and so poison the mind a great deal more than seeing one movie that may be called improper and vicious.

N. B.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Improper Things in the Movies

On a lovely July day at the Lasky Ranch I met my idol, Pola Negri. The director suddenly called, "Miss Negri!" everyone turned, and there she stood! Small, scarlet-lipped, black-haired and green-eyed, she was the magnet of all eyes. With charming unconcern she walted toward us, slim and graceful in her bright gypsy garments.

They were to enact a duel scene at a carnival in Spain. Herbert Brenon, the director, carefully coached all the principals, but to her he said, "Miss Negri, play the scene just as you like." She smiled and nodded, then she "acted," while the crowd stood spellbound under the lure of her art.

Later I asked her how she liked this country. "Oh, I love it here," she answered wistfully. That meeting was the brightest meeting of my day.

PAULINE WILSON.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Stork Hovers Over Keaton Home

The stork is again hovering over the home of Buster Keaton, and little Buster, Jr., is to have a playmate. The event is not expected until January, however.

In the meantime Norma Talmadge, Constance and Natalie are paying devotion to the Keaton youngster, trying to spoil him.

Mrs. Keaton has been greatly enjoying playing the heroine role opposite Buster in his latest comedy. And Buster says that she is a wonderful actress, so there!

◈ ◈ ◈

Bawling Out Friend Wife

Joseph Schildkraut's wife, Elise Bartlett, is making her Los Angeles stage debut at the Majestic, with the Wilkes players, in "The Man Who Came Back," playing the leading role, and doing very nice work indeed. She was very nervous at her first performance, however, and it is reported that her husband went back of the scenes and upbraided her mercilessly for her shortcomings.

Indeed, if reports are true, all is not so peaceful in the Schildkraut household as it should be.

◈ ◈ ◈

"You've Got Good Taste, Johnnie!"

Looks as though there were another romance blooming in filmland. It is that between Bessie Love and Johnny Hines. The two are constantly seen together at dances and parties, and it is known that they are the very best of friends.

If the romance isn't turning into an engagement to wed, it isn't the fault of Hines, say the gossips, as he is deeply devoted to the charming little actress.

◈ ◈ ◈

Marion Marries Louis

Another secret of Hollywood has been revealed. Three weeks ago, Louis Lewyn and beautiful Marion Mack, both well-known members of the Hollywood film colony, slipped quietly out of town and journeyed to the little city of Monterey, where they were married. They spent their honeymoon in and around Monterey and in a motor trip that included the numerous beauty spots between Monterey and San Francisco.

Miss Mack is a Salt Lake City girl who has just passed her eighteenth birthday. Some two years ago she won a beauty contest in her home town which decided her to come to Hollywood and have a try at the movies. After a series of interesting adventures, she met Mr. Lewyn, who conceived the idea of starring Miss Mack in a screen story that would embody her efforts to reach stardom. Robertson and Cole approved of the idea, with the result that the story was produced under the title of "Mary of the Movies."

Mr. Lewyn, who is a native of Houston, Texas, has been identified with motion pictures for the past four years. He is the producer of Screen Snapshots and a number of feature productions. He first came to California when, as a member of the U. S. Army Air Service, he flew from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific via the Grand Canyon, the first to make this trip. Mr. Lewyn is also the first airman to make the trip from San Diego to Los Angeles in the record time of fifty-eight minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Lewyn will make their future home in Los Angeles, where they plan to enter into the production of feature pictures on an extensive scale.

Why so wistful, *Corinne?* Do thoughts of the most perfect of all marriages haunt you?

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Blanche Wields the Megaphone

Is Blanche Sweet being groomed as a picture director? It begins to look that way. Miss Sweet at any rate has proved that she could direct if she had to.

Sitting beside her famous husband on the set of "The Eternal Three," she got her big chance. He was called to the telephone and thrust the directorial megaphone in her lap. Everything was in readiness for a big scene with Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Raymond Griffith and Bessie Love. Miss Sweet never batted an eyelash. She seized the megaphone, and in her own low, sweet, clear voice, told the actors just what to do. When Neilan returned he just stood and looked on, and then congratulated his wife with a kiss right out before the Lord and everybody.

◈ ◈ ◈

No Wedding Bells for Hope

The recent rumored engagement of Hope Hampton, the popular screen star of "The Gold Diggers," has been denied by no less a person than the lady herself.

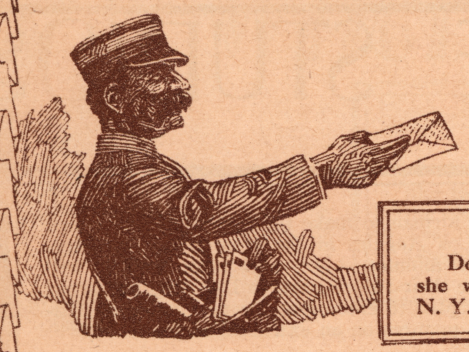
"I am wedded to my art," says Miss Hampton with a sly twinkle in her eye. To all of which we can only reply—lucky art!

◈ ◈ ◈

Louise's Idea of Comfort

Living in a bungalow built atop of a big apartment house is Louise Fazenda's idea of solid comfort. And she is going to attain to her domestic ideal, if nothing happens and fate doesn't double cross her.

Miss Fazenda owns a very valuable piece of property in the heart of the Los Angeles residence district, and here she is going to build an apartment house, with the aforesaid bungalow on the roof. This reminds us of the time Earl Carroll lived atop the Godfrey Building in New York and had a cow hoisted up there to impart a little rural atmosphere. The Board of Health intervened.



Ramon Novarro Is a Paragon, Says Fan

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE—So I must admit that Ramon Novarro is a paragon. All right, I'll admit anything I have to, but I don't know whether Ramon likes to be called names or not. I agree with you, however, that he is all you say. His address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. What d'you mean, why don't we publish his picture? It appeared in Movie Weekly for April 21, 1923—and you weren't even looking!

MISSOURI POLLY—So your ideal of Eugene O'Brien tumbled because someone suggested that the kind of girl he liked was a "regular fellow" who went on cross country hikes and enjoyed her cigarette. You mustn't take that too literally, you know. It wasn't quoting Eugene O'Brien to that effect; the writer was merely sizing him up as the kind of man who liked that *type* of girl. Edward Hearn plays with Gladys Walton most of the time. One of his recent pictures was "The Town Scandal."

A FEATHERHEAD — Well, there's one comfort about being so light-headed as that—if you go swimming, you're not in much danger of drowning. Lila Lee played opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road," and Jacqueline Logan in "White and Unmarried." Lois Wilson was the leading lady in "The City of Silent Men." Lew Cody played in "The Valley of Silent Men," "Within the Law" and "Lawful Larceny." Doug has played in too many pictures to list here, but some of his old ones are: "The Americano," "Headed South," "Mark of Zorro" and "The Nut."

DUD—So you're a dud, are you? No, Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge sisters; his real name is Metzetti. The Talmadges, I believe, are half Irish and half Jewish. Gaston Glass had the leading male role in "Humoresque." That picture is about four years old.

M. L. C.—I don't know whether May McAvoy and Lois Wilson will send their pictures free or not. Why not ask them? May McAvoy is living at present at the Hotel des Artistes, 1 W. 67th St., New York. Write to Lois Wilson at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

DOTTY—You have a good long memory; Peggy Hyland hasn't played in pictures for some time, but has been living at home in her native England. She is Mrs. Fred Granville.

THE CREW—So you don't believe the movie magazines any more? What did they ever do to you that you should misjudge them? Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada—cross my heart, honest to goodness.

THE MATCH MAKER—So you think Helene Chadwick should marry Richard Dix? Well, I wonder if she is getting a divorce from her present husband, Billy Wellman, just to oblige you. She is twenty-six years old. I suppose Viola Dana uses mascara on her eyelashes—most actresses do, for stage make-up. Baby Peggy is four. Ricardo Cortez is Spanish and unmarried. Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. Mary Hay Barthelmess is in her early twenties and is a petite brunette.

If *Jean Haskell* were holding this mirror to a mere male instead of a mere dog like *Monty*, we're willing to bet that the mirror would reflect not quite so stern a face.

BANANAS—Ah, I'm going to surprise you—I'm not going to say a word about yes, my having no bananas. So Wallace Beery is your ideal—what villainous ideas you have. He is divorced from Gloria Swanson. Yes, Noah is his brother. He lives at 1346 Harper Ave., Los Angeles.

SWEET LEMON — "Glad to meet you, Sweet Lemon," said Sweet Patutie. Rudolph Valetino is now in Europe. No, Rex Ingram does not play in pictures any more; he just directs them. "The White Flower" was taken in Hawaii. Yes, indeed, I like the picture you drew of me; it makes me look quite handsome.

PRETTY FOREIGNER—If I answer your questions, you promise, you'll say to yourself, "He is a very nice Colonel." Why say it to yourself—why not stand up on top of a church steeple or something and shout it—give me some free advertising! Viola Dana is twenty-five years old, has dark hair and blue eyes and weighs 105. She is about five feet two inches tall. Antonio Moreno is thirty-five, is five feet eight and weighs 170. Bert Lytell is also thirty-five, is five feet ten and weighs 155. Alice Brady is thirty, is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 108. Anna Q. Nilsson is the same height, but weighs 135.

DOLLY — Who played "Forever?" No one, I trust. Forever is a long time for anyone to play. Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid played the leads in "Forever." Mary Pickford was Mrs. Owen Moore before she married Doug. Jack Mulhall doesn't give his age. He was married several years ago to Evelyn Winans, his third wife. Mae Murray is thirty. No, Betty Compson is not Jewish.

ROSY CHEEKS—What brand of rose do you use—or is that question too personal? Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh in 1883, Mary Pickford ten years later, in Canada. Tommy's address is Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mildred Harris is twenty-two years old, five feet two inches tall, and a blonde with blue eyes. Harold Lloyd is five feet nine, weighs 150, has blue eyes and black hair.

DIMPLES—You'll keep your eyes open for the answers! Good, but be sure nothing falls in them. Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Leonard; her address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Richard Barthelmess' address is Inspiration Pictures, 585 Fifth Ave., New York. Wesley Barry lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Rudolph is abroad for an indefinite period.

A BUDDY MESSENGER FAN —That's very patient and thoughtful of you to tell me not to hurry with your answer. Of course that makes me want to answer you at once because you're so considerate. Buddy Messenger is fourteen. He lives at 5423 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

ANN OF THE BRONX—Geographically speaking—or do you refer to a Bronx cocktail? Leatrice Joy's name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. She was born in New Orleans; she doesn't give her age. She first appeared in pictures about four years ago. The leading man in "Java Head" was Albert Roscoe.

REGINA—Of course I will answer your questions, now that you aren't looking for it in the "next" issue. You see, I am so hard up for space that when fans say they expect an answer in the "next" issue, I decide there is no use answering them at all, because they won't see the answers anyhow. No, Elsie Hammerstein is not married; she is twenty-six years old, and is American, of German descent. Jane Novak is also American; she is divorced from Frank Newburgh. Lila Lee is eighteen; she was married about two months ago to James Kirkwood. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring.

JEAN—You say you hope I will have room for your questions on my page, I came pretty near leaving you out didn't I? Of course I wouldn't. No, Clara Horton and George O'Hara aren't related. Priscilla Dean was born in New York. Rudolph Valentino was born in Italy. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain. Roman Novarro was born in Mexico.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Now that "Blow Your Own Horn" is soon to be released, somebody has suggested that Carolyn Wells "Tooter" might be used as an opening number. Warner Baxter, who has the lead in this picture, was caught trying to set to music the words of this thrilling poem, which are something like this:

"There was a tutor who tooted a flute,
And he taught two young tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor, 'Is it easier to toot,
Than to tutor two tooters to toot?'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ray Gray, playing he part of a moving picture director in one of the latest of the "Fighting Blood" two-reelers, uses his megaphone with such potent effect that it is difficult, most of the time, to hear Henry Lehrman, the real director of the picture. When the two are working at the same time, the scene adopts the aspect of a "yelling bee." Directing comes naturally to Gray, as he was assistant director in the filming of "Suzanna."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

A reporter recently took a trip to the Powers Studios in Hollywood to inquire into the production schedule. The first picture that was named to him was Emory Johnson's production. "The Mail Man." "Good Lord!" cried the reporter. "Another one of those sex plays."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mickey McBan, child film actor, who holds a world's championship for swimming, plays his fortieth part in a moving picture in "Born of the Cyclone," an F. B. O. special production under the direction of Emile Chautard. Mickey, who is seven years old, has been under Chautard's direction three times before, and the kind Frenchman knows exactly how to handle him to get his best work.

One day recently Mickey was told to cry. He went over to his mother, had a little talk with her, and came back sobbing as if his little heart would break. The picture was taken, and the director was immensely pleased with Mickey's work. When asked what made him cry, Mickey said, "I always cry when my mother sings 'Robin Hood' to me."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Of that once famous aggregation of charming femininity, known the world over as the Mack Sennett bathing beauties, another has risen to the coveted heights, in the personality of Irene Lentz.

Less than three years ago Miss Lentz made her first appearance on the screen. When Mabel Normand was making that much talked of production, "Molly O." Mack Sennett, its producer, engaged Miss Lentz for one of the important "bits," and dating from that little start, this attractive, dark-haired, blue-eyed, shapely miss has been going right along, stepping higher with each succeeding engagement, until, returning again to the Sennett lot after an absence of two years, she is to be featured as leading woman opposite Ben Turpin.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Barbara La Marr, who enacts the super-siren in the Fred Niblo production, "Strangers of the Night," based upon the famous stage success, "Captain Applejack," likes her job right well.

"I know," says Miss La Marr, "it's the fashion for most women who play 'vamp' roles to say that they long for an opportunity to appear as some sweet, demure young thing. But, frankly, I don't.

"I think part of the joy of being a woman is that of exercising her fascinations on the male. The only male star I've met myself who appears to be completely immune is Jackie Coogan."

The Reel Dope

With the stench from a nearby rendering works filling their nostrils and scenting their clothes, members of the cast of Maurice Tourneur's "Jealous Fools" have been making a series of scenes on the Los Angeles city dump. For three days, Jane Novak, Earle Williams, Ben Alexander, Bull Montana, Marion Feducha, George Siegman and other members of the cast have spent eight or nine hours in the most miserable of surroundings in the interest of realism.

Mountains of ancient tin cans, washboilers and flivver bodies, rusted and dirty from years of exposure, surround them. Human wrecks as decrepit and rusted in appearance as the cans which held the 1910 crop of tomatoes, congregate around them, timidly peering from behind their little crags of tin.

"Perhaps I could get as real a scene in the studio, though I doubt it," Mr. Tourneur said in explaining his motive for taking the company into such unpleasant surroundings. "But even though I were certain of it, I would not photograph these scenes in any other place.

"For I get a psychological effect on my players here that I never would get in the studio. They must be depressed, disconsolate, when they play these scenes. And, except for Miss Novak and Mr. Williams, they are 'down and out,' of that class which never knows from where the next meal is coming and frequently doesn't get it.

"Here they have all the paraphernalia of poverty, of depression. And within an hour or so after we arrived, they were moping. To an artist, surroundings such as these are fare more depressing than the usual sad music."

◈ ◈ ◈

A carload of beautiful, lustrous silks was used in a scene portraying a silk fair of the fifteenth century in the Cosmopolitan picture, "Yolanda," starring Marion Davies. The scenes were all made at night on Aladdin Rock Farm near Stamford, Conn. A big set was built out in the forest. Light was provided by sunlight arcs, torches and bon fires on the adjoining hill sides.

The silks used to get the proper pictorial effect would have clothed a regiment of women. Many persons believe that any sort of material can be used for costumes and decorations in a motion picture. The eye of the camera is pitiless, however, and only real silks and satins will give the richness of texture necessary to produce the right effect on the screen.

A marionette show was a feature of the silk fair. Costumes of the fifteenth century were used on the marionettes and they were operated by skilled professionals from New York who have followed this livelihood for years.

The five hundred extras taking part in these scenes were provided with hot suppers brought out by automobile from Stamford. "Yolanda" is from the pen of Charles Major and was adapted by Luther Reed. Robert G. Vignola is directing. Miss Davies plays "Yolanda," the princess masquerading as a burgher maid.

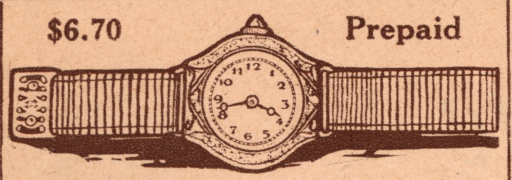
You can't make us believe that *Blanche Sweet* is so thirsty that plain everyday *Coca Cola* brought that light into her eyes.

◈ ◈ ◈

Rafael Sabatini, Italian-English author who won world-wide fame following the publication of his great romance, "Scaramouche," is coming to New York for the premiere of the massive Rex Ingram-Metro film version of his story.

There is a twofold interest for Mr. Sabatini in the trip from Italy. In addition to the film version, which promises to eclipse even the famous Rex Ingram production of "The Four Horsemen," there is to be a Broadway stage presentation of the same story, written last summer by Mr. Sabatini himself. Charles L. Wagner will present it and Sydney Blackmer will enact the title role, which is portrayed in the huge Metro picture by Ramon Novarro. Alice Terry and Lewis Stone are the other featured players in the screen cast of 30 principals and 10,000 extras.

$6.70 Prepaid



SEND NO MONEY

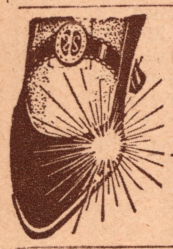
This beautiful white gold wrist watch in a handsome gift case 14 kt. gold filled 25 year case, six Jewel Swiss movement, wonderful time-keeper with silk grosgrain ribbon and gold filled clasp. You save over 50 per cent. when you buy from us $15.00 value, our price $6.70 prepaid order today send no money pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded promptly.

STRAND SALES CO.
Dept. H, 487 Broadway, New York City

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.
64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.



BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES Dept. K-675
186 N. La Salle St. Chicago, Illinois

CLASSIFIED ADS

Correspondence Courses

"Sell us your spare time." You can earn Fifteen to Fifty Dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant, profitable profession; easily, quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. **Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 111, Toronto, Can.**

Correspondence School courses only one quarter original price. All subjects, for men or women. Free bargain catalogue 1000 courses. Used courses bought. **Students' Exchange, 47 West 42nd St., New York.**

FAT CAN BE REDUCED IN JUST TWO WAYS

Medicines Are Worthless and Generally Harmful

Fat cannot be sweated out—the first drink of water you take after perspiring restores the lost weight—

Fat cannot be rubbed off—if rubbing did break it up it would simply float around the blood and be re-deposited elsewhere—

It cannot be squeezed out by rubber bands or corsets—massage furnishes a little exercise but squeezing has no effect at all.

The Real Solution Is Simple and It Works

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat making food intake or by muscular exercise. There is no other way for it to get in or get out.

All other ills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it.

In his New Book entitled
"HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT"
Bernarr Macfadden

gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen. Only 50c post-paid—send for it to-day. Or we will enter your subscription to Physical Culture Magazine and mail you a copy of "How to Reduce Weight" for $3.10.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. MW-11
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, N.Y.C.

The Virginian

(*Continued from page 23*)

one side of the rough road to the other, as it made its precarious way along the river bank.

"Looks like careless drivin'," the Virginian at last observed, as the horses made another swerve and plunge and the stage brought up lurching in the rear.

"Looks like Old Bill, the driver, was drunk!" Steve ejaculated.

Occupied with the cattle, both men had only an occasional eye for the approaching stage, which was nearing the river ford, where the crossing was to be negotiated. But in these fleeting inspections, the Virginian had had time to notice the course the stage was making as it neared the ford, and its probable chances for overturning, as its driver wheeled his horses almost at right angles as the water was reached.

Lurching crazily, the stage tottered for a moment on the bank and the next instant turned over on its side in the swiftly-flowing stream. The horses, bred to emergencies of a like kind, halted and after a restive moment or two, stood still.

With a cry to Steve to mind the cattle, the Virginian spurred forward and galloped his horse into the rapid little river. As he reached the opposite shore, where the stage lay overturned, a face that was more lovely than any he had ever seen emerged from the door of the coach and gazed helplessly up at him. He caught his breath and stared. Then, with a sweeping gesture, he removed his hat and bowed.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he said gallantly.

"Won't you—won't you help me out of this?" the face requested in a voice that was like music to the lonely cowpuncher's ears.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," the Virginian answered, as he drove his horse in closer to the overturned coach.

Leaning over the pommel of his saddle, the tall cowpuncher inserted his arm through the doorway of the coach and placed it around the shoulders of its fair occupant. Then, tightening his grip, he raised her, gasping, to the level of his saddle and turned his horse toward the shore, where already the other occupants of the coach had congregated. The driver remained where he rolled when the stage overturned, in a drunken stupor, and the Virginian regarded him with wrathful eyes.

"If it weren't for the young lady," he muttered under his breath, "I'd have you sober inside o' two minutes."

He deposited his fair burden upon the bank and then turned to the matter of getting the coach under way again. Already the other occupants, aided by Steve, who now had the cattle safely across, had righted the vehicle, preparatory to having it proceed on its way with its passengers. Observing this, the Virginian turned back to his fair charge on the bank and addressed her.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, you had this misfortune," he said courteously.

The girl raised her lustrous brown eyes to his in a manner that sent the Virginian's pulse racing. Never, he felt quite certain, had he seen a face of such exquisite beauty before.

"Oh, it's nothing," she answered quietly. "Only I hope that the same driver isn't going to drive again."

The Virginian's eyes narrowed, as they always did when he made a resolution. "He is not, ma'am," he said quietly. And then:

"Might I ask your name?"

The girl's eyes smiled at him for the first time and caught an answering twinkle in his own.

"I can't refuse you that information," she said, "after your recent rescue."

The Virginian smiled and seemed about to disclaim credit for what he had done. But she continued easily:

"It's Mollie Woods," she imparted, "and I've come here to teach a district school."

So this was the new school teacher!

"Well, I'm glad to know you, ma'am," he exclaimed heartily. "I'm from Judge Henry's ranch, and I hope you and I will see each other right often."

The girl looked at him doubtfully, as he removed his hat and swung himself into his saddle. The coach was ready for her to proceed and she started toward it.

"Well," she answered slowly, with a sudden smile, "I hope so, too."

And with that he was gone.

(*Continued next week*)

Pity the Poor Scenario Editor

(*Continued from page 10*)

Think again . . . where have you heard this story before? Think, now!

Don't you remember . . . when you were a little child how your mother read to you the story of Cinderella, and how in your mind's eye you saw the poor girl dressed in her regal clothes, sallying forth in her carriage and four, and then, O fatal then, quitting the ball too late, believing that her joy was at an end, and her love, the wonderful Prince Charming, lost to her forever?

The poor girl, the rich nobleman . . . these have been the central figures of many a tale, and no matter what new twists you may invent, you are still re-writing the story of Cinderella over and over again.

And so with other stories. They may be done differently, in different settings, but they all fall into a few groups. One a story of Wall Street and greed . . . another a story of the Northwest and a gold claim, still another a sweet little tale about a harrassed, hard-working slavey . . . and so on.

Reputable film companies do not steal plots. They don't have to. Plots are the easiest thing in the world to invent, and reputable film companies have intelligent, practised writers, writers who freshen up the old plots, and who do not need your sincere efforts to compete with.

If you are able to meet these clever scenario writers on their own ground, you will have no difficulty in selling your stories, or better still—in getting a position on the staff of any film company in the world.

Study. Think. Learn first how to spell and write. Then learn how the world lives. Take your plots from life. Work over them carefully. Then perhaps you will have a chance of success with your scenario. But even then, if you happen to go to a movie theatre a few months later and see what looks suspiciously like your story on the screen, don't blame the film company.

Think of Cinderella and how, in a million guises since, she has lived in fiction, on the stage and on the screen.

Shirley Mason Analysis

(*Continued from page 21*)

of patience in an uncanny degree, and it would seem that nothing could resist her carefulness and thoroughness in prosecuting a desired end. The disposition is fairly even, though it is the type that when once aroused becomes almost ruthless. Should such an occasion arise, she would discard indolence and patience and her analogous traits for the moment, to become tensed and tiger-swift.

There is more sentiment in the face than emotion. The temperament is, for the most part, under the command of calm, practical, reasoning faculties.

The lips and eyes both show a knowledge of tact, but appear to be outspoken as well. Not easily wounded by the obvious, she can nevertheless be hurt by things which I cannot quite define, but which I am certain are peculiar to herself alone.

Although, as I say, this is the face of one who lives in the present, it may safely be deduced that she does not forget what is past. It is out of her memories of what is past that her philosophy springs. She is the type that is subject at times to the "blues"—those moods that appear without apparent cause and as mysteriously disappear.

There is some feminine vanity in the face and a good deal of curiosity regarding those in whom she is at all interested. Her curiosity, in other words, is like her humor—deep, but not broad. Hers is, to a great extent, a sub-conscious nature as both the eyes and the formation of the brow tell me. She permits herself to be guided very often by a simple instinct. She is not keenly introspective in spite of her practical attitude, and often regards herself in one mood in quite a different light than in another.

But she has unusual persistence, and she is capable of winning to the goal she desires with her array of what may be called "success" traits. But her practicality would prevent her from pursuing the aims of many of the younger group of film stars.

The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband

(*Continued from page* 13)

one of major importance, the other only a little less important.

The first was that I was going to hold the love of my wife. Smoked herring merchant that I was, unromantic figure that I knew myself to be, nevertheless I was ready to enter the lists against the most charming and magnetic matinee idols of Hollywood and fight like a man for Vivian.

Nor did I deceive myself. I was quite willing to admit that it might prove a desperate struggle. Only my love gave me courage. No man, no matter how handsome, or clever, could love Vivian as much as I could love her. And when a fellow has love on his side, he has a great deal.

The second decision concerned my immediate course of action.

My business needed me. By all the laws of common sense, I should have stayed at my desk and worked like a slave for the next six months. If I could have done that, I would have been on the way to ease and comfort at the end of a year.

But how could I do that with Vivian in Hollywood?

It wasn't in human nature to do it—not with a man who really loved his wife.

Accordingly, I went down to the office very early and called Sloane, my general manager, an ambitious young fellow and thoroughly trustworthy, into confidence. I could not tell him the real state of affairs. But I did tell him a great deal. I put the business completely in his hands. I told him I was going on an indefinite vacation.

Then I started for Los Angeles.

(*To be continued next week*)

Studio Snap-Shots

Pat O'Malley, who enacts a leading male role in the Reginald Barker production of "The Eternal Struggle," vouches for the veracity of this story about a newlywed couple and a pretty cook.

Said Pat: "The wife said 'I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning.'"

And Pat reports that the husband answered: "All right. Call her in."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lewis Stone, enacting a leading role in the massive Rex Ingram-Metro production of "Scaramouche" was approached by an insurance agent recently who was ready to promise anything in order to win a client.

"This fellow," said Mr. Stone, "reminded me of the lawyer who assures his client that he couldn't be hanged, even though he had already been convicted and sentenced.

"'You say I can't be hanged,' said the poor wretch, 'but just the same they seem to be going through with it.'

"'I tell you they can't hang you,' the lawyer insisted. 'Why, if they hang you, I'll make the biggest case out of it that was ever heard of.'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Viola Dana declares that a little ingenuity will overcome anything.

"This may be a mechanical age," says Miss Dana, "but the law of counter-irritants still holds good. For example, I have found out that a good antidote for a mechanical player piano is a lawn mower. Whenever I learn that the daughter of one of my neighbors is going to have a session with the mechanical piano, I determine it a wonderful time to mow the lawn."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

House Peters, who enacts the leading role in the Metro Premier Feature, "Held to Answer," heard a shopkeeper's subterfuge the other day that wins all prizes.

It happened in a Los Angeles store. A young woman, having been assured that a certain rug was all-wool, called to his attention that there was a label marked "cotton" on it.

"That, madam," said the salesman, "is to deceive the moths."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Alden, who has an unusually fine role in the recently completed "The Eagle's Feather," in which she enacted the feminine lead, has another big role in the new Reginald Barker production of "Pleasure Mad," a Metro picture to be presented by Louis B. Mayer.

Appearing in "The Eagle's Feather" as the strong woman whose hopes of love are shattered, she is, in "Pleasure Mad," a wife of moderate means whose domestic happiness is spoiled by the acquisition of sudden wealth.

"The Eagle's Feather," a Western story by Katherine Newlin Burt, was directed by Edward Sloman and adapted for the screen by Winifred Dunn.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jackie Coogan is still a very young man, and may yet be the recipient of popular lullabies lovingly crooned by his mother, but when daddy goes a-hunting, Jackie is not inclined to sit and wait for the pater to bring home the legendary rabbit skin. When the news first spread about the Coogan household that father was going to open his ranch house in the Nevada mountains as soon as Jackie had finished "Long Live the King," his first picture for Metro, the youthful film star oiled his air gun, recovered his fishing tackle from some mysterious place under the cellar stairs, and took from his iron box under the bed his treasured jack-knife, and was ready to go.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

With supporting cast selected and first scenes shot, "Fashion Row," Mae Murray's new picture, is well under way under the direction of Robert Z. Leonard. Freeman Wood, Earle Fox, William Haines and Mathilde Brundage have leading roles in support of Miss Murray.

"Fashion Row" was written for Miss Murray by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. It is a Robert Z. Leonard presentation through Metro, and is sponsored by Tiffany Productions, of which Mr. Leonard is director-general and M. H. Hoffman general manager.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Thomas Finch, 104 years old, who came to California during the first gold rush, saw his second railroad train at Truckee, California recently, where Buster Keaton is making "Hospitality," his second full length feature comedy. Finch saw his first railroad train in 1831. The aged miner left Kentucky in 1850 and has lived in the mountains near Truckee for more than sixty years. Four years ago he saw his first automobile.

Last month Buster showed him his "Rocket" engine of the type used on the American railroads about 1825, with the primitive wood, water and baggage tenders and six-passenger coaches. Finch looked long at the engine and coaches. "So that's the latest railroad machine," he mused. "Things ain't changed much since I was a boy."

Movie News Notes

"THE EAGLE'S FEATHER," the Katherine Newlin Burt story which Metro is producing, has a distinguished cast which includes Barbara La Marr, James Kirkwood, Mary Alden, Elinor Fair, Adolphe Menjou and others. It is a Western picture and was filmed near Bishop, California. The company selected Bishop as a place to stage a stampede of four thousand cattle.

"POISONED PARADISE," Robert W. Service's sensational novel of Monte Carlo, has been purchased for filming by Preferred Pictures. It deals with the vice of gambling as practiced in that famous resort, and is not, as the title might suggest, a story of the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, to the delight of the admirers he made in "Orphans of the Storm," is returning to the screen in Goldwyn's production of "Master and Man." And Mae Busch will have the pleasure of playing opposite him.

Free Trial Bottle

No Help Needed To Restore Your

Gray Hair

My Restorer is simply and easily applied by combing through the hair—no expert skill required. You take no risk—results are certain, for my Restorer is a perfected preparation long past the stage of experiment.

Restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Just a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as pleasant and dainty to use. Faded or discolored or gray hair surely and safely recolored.

Prove the truth of these statements by accepting my special patented Free Trial package, containing free trial bottle of Restorer with full information and directions for making the famous and convincing test on one lock of hair.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address
MARY T. GOLDMAN
154-J Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.....
dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red)....
light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....
Name.....
Street.....*City*.....

BLUE WHITE **Luxite Diamond**
If you can tell it from a Diamond Send it Back!

$2.98 C.O.D.

1 CARAT RINGS $2.98. Not one diamond in a thousand has the blue, dazzling brilliancy of "Luxite Diamonds." They're **PERFECT**; few diamonds are! Stand acid and all other tests. Only experts can tell you haven't paid $150.00. Hand engraved solitaire ring 14K gold S., guarantced!

DON'T SEND A PENNY! Send only name, address and paper strip which fits end to end around finger. When ring comes deposit only $2.98 with postman. **We pay postage!** Money back if not delighted.

Free Beautiful full-size **BAR PIN**, set with Luxite Diamonds, platinoid finish, **free** with ring.

GARFIELD IMPORTING CO., 3839 **ROOSEVELT ROAD** Dept. 157A. CHICAGO

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES
TURN YOUR TALENT INTO MONEY
Stories Wanted by Producers

A valuable money making field

Try it!—Mail us stories or ideas, in any form, at once for FREE examination, criticism and advice. We give our honest services to amateurs who would convert their thoughts into dollars. No experiecne necessary.

Free booklet sent on request.

CONTINENTAL PHOTOPLAY STUDIO
154 Nassau Street New York
Suite 1112-14, Dept. A

HOLLYWOOD

If you have personality and something more than average brains, which would help make you a success in PICTURES, then apply for membership in Motion Picture Intelligencer at once. Membership is $2.00 a year. Learn all about the Motion Picture Industry in HOLLYWOOD, "where the movies are made," before ever coming here. Members ONLY will receive this service. Registration card will be sent to you on receipt of your first letter. Also send us a good photo and particulars of yourself. If your photo is passed it will be inserted in our monthly publication which we send to casting directors every month. If ever the screen needed new faces, that time is NOW.

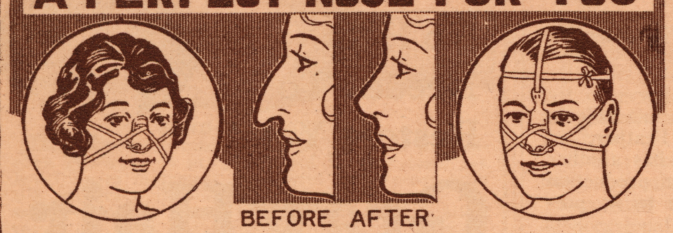
MOTION PICTURE INTELLIGENCER, Dept. M,
521 Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles

FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS

Don't send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
210 Security Bldg. Santa Monica & Western Ave. Hollywood Cal.
Pub. Scenario Bulletin-Digest *Send for free sample copy*

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU



ANITA - The Genuine - NOSE ADJUSTER
PATENTED

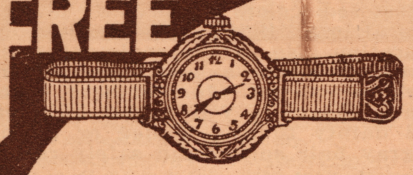
Support Nature and look your best. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER, in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL NASAL SUPPORTER, highly recommended by physicians for misshapen and fractured noses. Self-adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM and PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE. Beware of imitations!

WINNER OF GOLD MEDAL—HIGHEST IN MERIT—LOWEST IN PRICE

Write to-day (just your name and address) for our FREE book, "Happy Days Ahead," and blank to fill out for sizes—SEND NO MONEY — Your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you. Money refunded if not fully satisfied.

The ANITA Co. Dept. 956 ANITA Bldg. Newark, N. J.

FREE



This 14 Karat Wrist Watch

GIRLS here is your chance to get this 10 ewel 14 Karat White Gold Filled WRIST WATCH FREE, an excellent timekeeper guaranteed 27 years. COSTS YOU NOTHING but a few hours of your time. Send your name immediately for full details.

CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. K1,
872 Prospect Ave., New York

PIMPLY SKIN made WELL

When a few applications of this wonder-working lotion has cleared faces of *pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions* on the face or body, *barbers itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin*, you can realize why CLEAR-TONE has been tested and approved in over 100,000 Test Cases. The simplicity of the treatment, and *The Story of How I Cured Myself* are all explained in my free booklet, *"A Clear-Tone Skin."* Write for your copy today and learn of the results gotten by thousands of men and women.

FREE BOOK Clear-Tone

E. S. GIVENS, 176 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE, LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
206 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

Representatives Wanted

MOVIE WEEKLY wants representatives in every community to introduce this magazine to their friends and neighbors. A liberal commission paid.

Write for terms, sample copies and full information to Subscription Manager.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

dupois, which, as everyone knows, is bad for the actress. Even Wallace Beery can do little with his stiff villain role.

All this is the cause of making us feel like saying that "Drifting" is a most impossible picture. It rises out of the slough, solely because of its remarkable reproduction of an entire Chinese city. Mr. Browning has done everything in his power to give realism to his locale, and when, at the climax of the picture, he shows the rescue of the cast from the hands of Chinese brigands, he creates several noteworthy scenes.

A word of praise must also be meted out to William V. Mong, who makes Dr. Li a striking Chinese villain. Anna Mae Wong is charming as the Chinese girl.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM"

Are Dime Novels Still in Style?

Presented by Vitagraph at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Alice Calhoun, Percy Marmont, Cullen Landis, Joseph Kilgour, Maine Eliot Hicks, George Pierce, Kittie Bradbury, J. Gunnis Davis, Jean Carpenter, May Foster and Fred Behrle. Directed by David Smith.

We have often wondered why no one ever tries to give a new twist to the old situations which appear in pictures from time to time. If ever an opportunity was offered a director, that opportunity presented itself to David Smith when he began work on "The Midnight Alarm.' '

As you may surmise, "The Midnight Alarm" is all about firemen, and it works up to a corking climax in which the heroine is locked up in a vault, the hero is knocked out by the villains, and the building in which they are lying helpless is on fire. We could spare criticism of this climax, for it is breath-taking in the fashion in which it has been screened by Vitagraph, but we can hardly spare the cheap claptrap of the rest of the picture, all of which has been made in strictly dime novel tempo.

Dime novels sell. If they did not sell they would not be printed, but it is our experience that the only person we have ever seen reading a dime novel is a certain youthful friend of ours, age 9, who spends all his spare dimes at the corner stationery store, eating up whole volumes of Frank Merriwell and the James boys.

If Vitagraph intended "The Midnight Alarm" for the consumption of this sort of movie fan, they have created a tremendous success. No fire scene in any picture of our memory excels the realism of the blaze in "The Midnight Alarm." Beautiful photography, thrilling rescues, daring leaps for life—all are here, in the classical dime novel style.

Throughout this picture we noticed careful attention to crystal clear photography. The night scenes are beautiful in composition, and in one case, where a train thunders toward an open drawbridge, so real that they are breath-taking.

When the film began, we hoped that Mr. Smith would give the old story a new twist, that he would spare our feelings by trusting that we could stand an innovation. But Mr. Smith took no chances. He made "The Midnight Alarm" in the good old style of the paper-colored novel and let it go at that.

Alice Calhoun is pretty as the heroine. Percy Marmont as the hero makes a surprisingly real looking fireman. The acting honors go to Cullen Landis, who gives a humorous touch to his role of a city smart-aleck, poor but honest, sharp-witted and sharp of tongue.

Of that part of "The Midnight Alarm" leading up to its crashing climax, the less said the better. Of its climax—well, see it for yourself. It's a knockout!

Some Hidden Engagement Rings

(*Continued from page* 11)

the Hollywoodsmen. I understand that on two occasions the dashing Mr. Russell succeeded in persuading Miss Ferguson to take a little automobile trip with him, to Riverside or Santa Barbara, with the idea of being married, but that Miss Ferguson has always, as the shades of evening fell, dashed back to home and mamma. Not that Miss Ferguson doesn't adore the handsome star, for she does, but naturally she thinks it is nice to keep her girlhood a while longer.

Lovely little May McAvoy will tell you, if you ask her, that she is not engaged to Robert Agnew. But she has been going with him almost constantly since that break with Eddie Sutherland, and if anybody else were to escort her to a party or to the beach—well, it is nine chances out of ten he would have to reckon with Bobby. But Miss McAvoy has gone to New York, so of course there is no telling what Cupid has in store for her there or for Bobby out in Hollywood. I am sure, though, that if neither becomes interested in anybody else during the separation, a diamond ring will flash on the third finger of Miss McAvoy's pretty left hand ere long.

Clara Horton is probably considered too young to wed. She looks that way. Nevertheless there is a clever young business man, whose name we have promised not to mention, who has been taking Clara to parties during the past two years, and whom it is more than likely she will end by marrying. She has a lovely diamond ring, anyhow.

She admitted coyly, the other day, that she had indeed intended to marry the young man, but that she had now decided to wait until she is a little older—that, in fact, the engagement is off. But does the young man know he is no longer engaged to Clara? At any rate the two go constantly about together still. And you know as well as I do how hard it is to keep a person forever at a distance under a silvery moon.

Craze for Youth Stifles American Film Art

(*Continued from page* 20)

for youth. A seasoned, experienced player can last a long time on the stage, but when the camera's relentless eye is focussed on him, no amount of artistic acting and conscientious work can save him. The public turns its thumbs down and clamors for the ingenue and the juvenile."

Having thus relieved his feelings, he relaxed once more, and confessed that playing villains exclusively was not the end he was striving for.

"If an actor cannot play perfectly every type of character, he is not a real actor," said Mr. Love. "The juvenile who sticks to boy parts, the hero who never is anything but a hero, the villain who is always villainous, these are not artists in the true sense of the world. By specializing in certain roles, his talents are very much restricted, and the public, identifying the actor only in these parts, can never conceive of him as doing anything else.

"By this I do not mean that a Douglas Fairbanks should attempt to be a Valentino, or a William Hart try to portray Charles Ray parts. I merely mean that, within reasonable limits, an actor ought to be able to assume any role that calls for artistic performance."

We expressed polite interest and adjusted our green felt hat. Murmuring some words of farewell, we turned and dashed out through mazes and labyrinths of dressing rooms, to the street. On the "L" platform we waited while three garish orange-colored trains pulled in and out again, and boarded a soot-colored one. We rode and rode until our eye caught sight of a Child's restaurant. With a whoop of joy we descended to the street in mad pursuit of the elusive wheat cake.

Girls Who Play Grown-Up Roles Seldom Marry Young

(*Continued from page 19*)

dress over another. I thought maybe the seriousness of her role had really affected her mind a bit. But no, it seems that was leading up to some comedy business.

"You see, I run away to New York, and I put on all my mother's clothes, one dress atop of another, to go there!" she smiled.

I chuckled at the comedy, and we went on with the interview.

"Do you always feel so seriously about your roles?" I inquired.

"Yes, I do. I live them, just as I used to live the games I played when a child. You see, I'm so young that that is the only way in which I can make other people believe them. I played the role of a blind girl in a picture with Johnny Harron.

"I think I can tell you a great deal now about how a blind person really feels. They don't feel so helpless as you might think, for one thing. Do you remember H. G. Wells' story of the man who went to live in a blind men's colony, thinking how easily he could outwit them, and before he got through, he found he had to blind himself in order to get ahead of them? Well, the darkness is quieting, but their minds grow bright. They can concentrate, when they have no distractions of sight around them.

"But I didn't know how blind people really acted before I played the part. For one thing, I didn't know how they managed to eat. A blind woman lived near us, and I asked her permission to come and stay with her a few days. She was very sweet about it. I went and lived in her home, watched her from morning to night, and learned just how she did things.

"I found the focussing of the eyes close to me difficult, but finally I achieved it. And I worked so hard at it that I was really a bit blind for days after I finished the role, simply because I lived it on and off stage. I think I shall never have the same fear of blindness again that I had before.

"Also I am sure that I shall never marry a man who drinks! Despite prohibition, some men still do, you know. I played the wife of a drunkard in one picture. I suffered so much in my mind through his brutality that it made an indelible impression on my mind.

"Sometimes I think it is all wrong, placing a young girl in such parts. It makes her old and experienced before her time—robs her of her illusions."

"But makes her wise," I suggested.

"Perhaps so."

"Well, how wicked does a studio look to your seventeen-year-old eyes?" I demanded. "Now that you have been through all this make-believe wickedness—"

"Oh," she interrupted. "To tell you the truth, I never have seen any of the wickedness you're always hearing about Hollywood! There were a lot of chorus girls in a scene the other day, and the worst thing I saw them do was to chew gum. Even the property boys are wonderful! I've never even heard a property boy swear! I never have seen any of these wild love affairs going on that you hear about, either."

If It's in You— You'll Get There

(*Continued from page 7*)

it's built upon the right sort of a foundation. Very often people get by for a time in the movies who haven't any marked ability. But they are flashes in the pan and sooner or later they go out like a match.

"Take, for instance, the case of a certain well-known young screen star who was put forth as an imitation of Mary Pickford. This young woman did not possess, in my opinion, the sort of screen ability that is of the fibre to withstand the tooth of time. Although her work was pleasantly innocuous, it had not the definite character of Mary Pickford, who now, I am told, has evolved out of the 'sweet girl' period into something more vital and enduring.

"On the screen, as in life everywhere else, you can't 'get away with it' indefinitely without the public's eventually getting wise to the fact that your offering is not the genuine article. Bad art, sooner or later, carries with it its own boomerang."

"Then what," we questioned, as we surveyed a tall glass before us with kindling interest, "what determines the chance of Tom, Dick, or Harry, or Mary, Susie, or Jane, to succeed in the movies?"

Mr. Hackathorne regarded us thoughtfully with his wide bright eyes.

"Nothing," he said at length quietly, "but acting ability. Acting ability is the acid test of screen fame. You can't get anywhere and, what is more important, *stay* there for any length of time, unless you possess it."

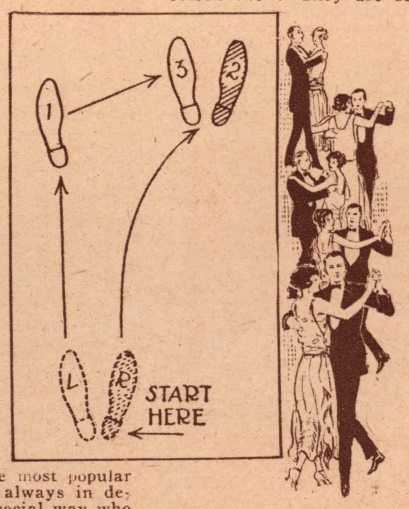
Invents NEW WAY to Teach Dancing

Arthur Murray, America's Foremost Authority on Social Dancing, Perfects New Method Enabling All to Learn to Dance in an Evening

ARTHUR MURRAY guarantees to make you a fine dancer if you carefully follow his new diagrams and simple instructions. The diagrams show every movement—just how to make each step of every dance, and the written instructions are very concise and easily remembered.

In the beginning you don't need either music or partner. You can step right into the privacy of your own room, close the door and practice all of the steps until you have firmly memorized them. After this there is positively no reason why you should not be able to dance perfectly on any floor, to any kind of music and with the best dancer in your set.

After you have this Murray foundation to your dancing you will be able to quickly master any new steps or dances, as they are invented, just as soon as you have seen a few of the new steps.



Good Dancers Are Always Popular

Good dancers are always the most popular people in their set. They never lack for partners and are invited to every social event because dancing is the most popular form of recreation, and good dancers are always in demand. Very often they meet people in a social way who are very helpful to them in gaining success in business.

Over ninety thousand people have learned to dance through Arthur Murray's amazing methods of teaching—by mail—and about five thousand people a month are learning to become good dancers through his wonderful easy methods. In fact, the lessons have been so simplified that even a child can learn from them—as many children do learn.

Send For Five FREE Lessons Today

Arthur Murray has consented to send to all who sign and return the coupon attached to this advertisement FIVE DANCING LESSONS FREE. They are: 1, A Lesson in Fox Trot; 2, The Secret of Leading; 3, How to Follow; 4, How to Gain Confidence; 5, How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes, and other dancing helps.

These five lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are sent merely to prove that you can learn to dance in your own home without either partner or music.

Through his new, improved methods of teaching dancing by mail, Mr. Murray gives you the same high-class instruction in your own home as you would receive if you took private lessons in his own studio and paid his regular fee of $10. per lesson.

Write today for the five free lessons. Just enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) to help pay cost of postage, packing, etc., and the free five lessons will be promptly mailed to you. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons, and they are yours to keep. Send the coupon back today.

ARTHUR MURRAY
Studio 865
290 Broadway, New York

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 865, 290 Broadway, New York

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the FIVE FREE DANCING LESSONS and I agree to give them very careful consideration. It is understood that I do not obligate myself in any way by sending for the free lessons, neither do I need to return them. I enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) to help pay for postage, packing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Would you like to teach Dancing?.....

How YOU Can Make Money Writing Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

Elinor Glyn

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift." People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everyhwhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare. But the people who are turning out the thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the search of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

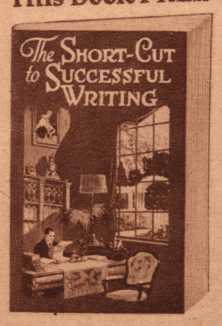
I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how.

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called *"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing."* This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Its pages are crowded with illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know. The book tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS. You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press before you sleep to-night. This little act may be the turning point of your whole career. Who knows?

This Book FREE



THE AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 128, Auburn, N. Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE *"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing."* This does not obligate me in any way. (Print your name and address plainly in pencil.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

LETTERS LIKE THESE ARE POURING IN

"Since I wrote you about six months ago I have earned over $4,500.00 with my pen. I answered your ad out of curiosity. I didn't dream I could become a writer. Now I want to thank you for keeping after me and persuading me to take up this delightful work. I owe all of my success to The Authors' Press." —*Janett Burrows, Cleveland, O.*

"A very important company has just bought one of my comedies. It was my first literary effort and I realize that I owe my success to your institution."—*Mary Moran, Mexico City, Mex.*

"Bless the day I answered your ad. I just received a check for my first story. While the amount was small—only $250.00—the thrill was there just the same."—*Peggy K. Reidell, Chicago, Ill.*

"I am pleased to inform you that I quite recently sold a photoplay synopsis for $500.00. I attribute most of my success to my studies with The Authors' Press."—*Edith Taylor, New York, N. Y.*

"I have sold three short stories to Canadian Magazines." — *John Mutter, Sask., Canada.*

"I had an article, 'Back to the Farm.' in the Nov. Woman's Home Companion, and recently sold my first fiction, a farm story, to The Farmer's Wife." — *May Mumaw, Hiram, Ohio.*

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

CONFESSIONS of a SCR STAR'S HUSBAND

Movie ly

TEN

Sept
19

Can You Buy Your Way into the Movies?

Jean Hart
WHITE PHOTO